APRIL, 1932

THE FUTURE OF OUR MONEY
J. Wardlaw-Milne, M.P.

STORY IN SPITE OF ROMANCE
(*continued*)
Stella Benson

H. G. WELLS SURVEYS MANKIND
Arnold Lunn

THE GREAT OIL RING
Bernard Acworth

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
Edited by Herbert Agar

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

APRIL 1932

Current Comments

More Prosperity Talk.

THE boom in gilt-edged securities, accompanied as it has been by a decline in the market price of equities, is the most unsatisfactory sign of the moment. In addition we have to endure another of those bursts of prosperity-mongering which have been organized at regular intervals during the slump. It is unpatriotic to suggest that the good times are not coming back; every right-thinking man must work hard at the business of pretending that prosperity is with us again; not a word must be spoken of unemployment; we must rally as one man to the Government and be loyal to the leaders whom loyalty to our leaders compelled us to denounce a year ago. For ourselves, we prefer the temper of Roman statesmanship to the complacent whining of English politicians, and prefer to say with Virgil:

"Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem."

In other words, the first duty of everyone is to turn his back for good on the humbug which is ruining the world and face the facts without regard to the unpleasantness of the immediate consequences.

The Real Budgetary Situation.

THE first piece of humbug which we must throw overboard is that we have restored the national finances. Politicians are talking as if the stabilization of our expenditure at a figure higher than that at which it stood before the crisis broke out will be a triumph of

statesmanship. It will, of course, be a final confession that our statesmanship is bankrupt and will be the prelude to the gravest constitutional changes. The country has yet to make up its mind to a drastic reduction in the total of our sterling expenditure or a drastic change in the internal price level as the result of currency expansion. We call the attention of our readers to a very important, because studiously moderate, plea by Mr. Wardlaw-Milne in this number of the REVIEW for clear thinking on this currency question. It is perhaps hopeless to expect this Government to lead the nation, but it's fortunately possible to hope that the present House of Commons will force this all-important question to the front and keep it there till the Government have been forced to a decision.

The Truth about Prices.

THE second piece of humbug to be discarded is the really childish pretence that we can avoid a rise in retail prices. Every schoolboy knows that: (*a*) there is always a substantial interval before retail prices rise in correspondence with wholesale prices; (*b*) that with the £ sterling worth 15s. gold, average wholesale prices are bound to rise and bound to be followed by retail prices; (*c*) that if retail prices do not rise to the full amount of the rise in wholesale prices it is only because the loss of national wealth reflected in the diminished purchasing power of the £ sterling is not being evenly, but unevenly, distributed over the population.

For politicians to claim credit for the fact that so far retail prices have not been raised is a piece of impertinence. Either wholesale prices have risen, in which case some rise in retail prices will inevitably follow, or gold prices have not yet touched bottom, in which case we are not yet in sight of the end of the world depression. If " the people " cannot be told this obvious and elementary truth, then the first duty of " all right thinking

men" is to tear up our constitution and put democracy on the scrap heap.

Have the Government got a Policy ?

WE gladly acknowledge that the Government have taken the first essential steps to recovery. They have ceased borrowing to meet current expenditure and they have put a check on imports which we cannot afford. But do the Government realize that these are only the indispensable preliminaries to a rational programme of financial, constitutional and industrial reconstruction? On the answer to that question depends the life of the Government. So far it has been left to one group of private members to raise the question of industrial reorganization, to another group to raise the constitutional issue, and to the general body of private members to challenge the Government to declare and pursue a reasonable financial policy. What chance, however, is there of the present Government being united on any of the essential measures? They tell us, it is true, that they are united on everything except tariffs, but on everything except tariffs their programme is a negative one. Is this, perhaps, the explanation of their unanimity?

The Mistakes of the Past.

OUR trade and agriculture have been brought to ruin by an economic and political policy which has in the past been held in common by all parties. This policy has been one of reliance on our export industries to pay for our food, side by side with the elaboration of State capitalism, which, by pushing up costs of production, has ruined our export industries. State capitalism may conveniently be defined as the pooling of the proceeds of private industry by means of the wholesale issue to the electorate of "promises to pay" to be redeemed by confiscatory taxation. It is true that our economic policy has since the days of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain been only

grudgingly accepted by the Conservative party, but, as in 1906, so to-day, their opposition to this policy has been rendered impotent by their inability to face the indispensable condition of its effective reversal, which is a rise in the cost of food prices. If we are to go on buying our food in the cheapest market and are unwilling to face the necessary transitional period during which we produce it ourselves and pay more for it, then our export trade must be nourished with free imports.

The Dilemma of the Cheap Food Fanatics.

SO much is elementary. What is less clear is what policy the apostles of cheap food (whether revenue-tariffists or free importers) propose to pursue in face of the closing up of the world's markets. This is due only slightly to the general depression, but mainly to the growth of competitive export trades based on cheaper wages, the industrialization of countries which have in the past been agricultural, and the breakdown of government over large tracts of the once civilized world. Our belief is that, beyond a good deal of silly chatter about international conferences, the cheap-foodites have no policy to put forward which can meet these conditions, and that for this reason a ten years plan directed to making the Empire self-supporting in terms of food and raw materials is inevitable. Shall we get it from the present Government? Or shall we get the only rational alternative—a ruthless policy of economy, the restoration of liberty, and the abolition of subsidies and privileges? Who believes it?

The New Mercantilism.

TWO of our contributors argue strongly for a rational mercantilist policy in this number of the REVIEW. Mr. Arnold Lunn, in his review of Mr. H. G. Wells' new economic "Encyclopædia," challenges not Mr. Wells' diagnosis of the present *malaise*, but his remedy. Mr. Wells has no more faith than any other

intelligent man in the present method of international conference, but pins his faith on a super-national State. That such a State is the indispensable condition of a working system of world Free Trade is clear enough, though Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Snowden seem quite unaware of it. But is such a State either practicable or desirable? On that issue Mr. Arnold Lunn challenges Mr. Wells, and he is strongly supported by Lord Lymington, who argues powerfully for a final rejection of the policy of buying cheap and selling dear in favour of a policy of self-sufficiency, based on the intelligent grouping of States in economic unions. That this should be the consistent aim of British foreign as well as imperial, policy is a logical conclusion.

The Constitutional Question.

ON the constitutional side, attention is unfortunately being directed to the House of Lords, whereas all effective constitutional reform must begin within the House of Commons. The House of Lords, it is true, has proved itself powerless either to check the flood of spendthrift legislation or to secure the maintenance of British prestige within the Empire or on the Continent. The reason, however, is not to be found in the limitation of its powers under the Parliament Act, or in the constitution of the present house, but in the control of the country by politicians whose careers are dependent on the favours of the present electorate. A House of Commons elected by universal suffrage necessarily possesses, within the framework of the present Constitution, the ultimate sovereignty. This sovereignty can only be taken away by making "supply" dependent on the vote of both houses. Yet no one suggests that it is possible, by any measure of House of Lords reform, to carry through a constitutional revolution of this magnitude. However we reform the Upper House it will either be representative of property, in which case it will never be allowed an effective share in the sovereignty, or it will be a

replica of the House of Commons, in which we shall retain an unbalanced Constitution.

A Reformed House of Commons ?

FOR these reasons let us remember that the central constitutional problem is not to erect a lath and plaster barrier against the House of Commons, but to find a revised formula which will reconcile the needs of wise and just government with universal suffrage. The problem is not insoluble. It can be approached along the lines of the corporative state, to which the best minds on the Continent are working, or it can be approached along the lines of a quasi-permanent executive responsible to a House of Commons in permanent session, with yearly or biennial elections of a given proportion of its members. But it will not and cannot be solved by devising a Second Chamber, of which the admitted purpose is that it shall look democratic and be reactionary. The times are too grave for that kind of folly. We have got to put our political house in order or go under as a great Power. Not even our still vast resources can stand another fourteen years of misgovernment like to the last, in which the savings of four generations have been thrown away and our country permanently impoverished to the great misery even of the very people for whose immediate benefit these things were done.

The Urgency of the Matter.

LET no one pretend that the matter is academic. Without accepting all the implications of the phrase "a bankers' ramp," we must admit that the last Government was displaced by extra-parliamentary action. The action taken was endorsed, like many another *coup d'état*, by a popular vote, but that does not alter its character, or the fact that its character was such as to make it clear that the constitution had broken down.

The urgent question of the moment is so to legislate that a similar crisis, leading to similar extra-constitutional action, shall not recur.

Labour and the Constitution.

THERE is no excuse for inaction. People who pretend to the contrary should read Professor Laski's pamphlet—*The Crisis and the Constitution : 1931 and After*—and see what is being taught with the taxpayers' assistance by the Professor of Political Science in the University of London. Labour, says the Professor, will, when it next comes to power, "meet a challenge that does not passively accept its right to govern in a socialistic way . . . under these conditions, a Labour Government would have no alternative but to embark upon drastic emergency measures : and if these had to be embarked upon, no one could predict the consequences of their use.

"These consequences, I would add, are not necessarily revolutionary, though it is, of course, tempting to think in Communist terms and make them so." "We might easily enter," he goes on to say, "upon a grim epoch of civil war." We wholly agree.

Reform or Revolution.

THE relevance of this striking forecast is this. Professor Laski has discovered that the power of Parliamentary majorities is not absolute, when those majorities do not represent the balance of the national interests. He is concerned to tell the students of London University that in the circumstances they must prepare to fight to achieve their ends. It may be thought that this forecast of the prospective impotence of the next Labour Government is reassuring. The facts are otherwise. Civil war is almost always inevitable when power is divorced from responsibility. The nominally unlimited

powers of the present type of House of Commons are, in fact, necessarily limited by the opposition of vested interests, be they trades unions, professions, merchants, bankers or farmers. These interests will never passively acquiesce in the ruin of our trade and industry, or (in the case of the unions) in a selfish attack on their standard of living, without a fight to a finish. There are only two ways of avoiding a conflict. The first is a constitutional reform. The second is Professor Laski's—the socialization, if necessary by the "drastic use of emergency powers" of trade, industry, finance and agriculture." In other words, a revolution.

The Challenge to Democracy.

CONSTITUTIONAL reform is not a challenge to democracy. Quite on the contrary. To give only one practical example, a cardinal defect of the present Parliamentary system is that it violates the long-observed principle of no taxation without representation, by giving to one Parliament an unrestricted power to pledge the faith of its successors. Sir Ernest Benn has put the point best in his observation that every child born to-day is born £500 in debt. In other words, his vote is heavily mortgaged before he comes of age in support of policies of which he may wholly disapprove. The second cardinal defect of our system is that, whereas there is nothing to prevent contractual obligations being piled up between the State, i.e. the professional politicians, and the public, there is every obstacle to the pursuit of a long-term policy yielding no immediate advantage to the electorate. It is only the worst of our legislation which is safe against repeal in the next Parliament.

The Curse of Indifference.

THE curse of the present political temper is the pretence that things will not happen which everybody knows are certain to happen. The pretence is used to justify

every refusal to take fresh precautions, and every concession to those who wish to remove such precautions as exist. We were asked to remove the checks on claims to unemployment benefit on the ground that they were superfluous; and the claims went up. We were told that checks against malingering were unnecessary under the Health Insurance Acts; and malingering began with the beginning of the slump. We were told that it was superfluous to safeguard the Irish Treaty in the Statute of Westminster; the Treaty is on the scrap-heap. We were told that the British people were so wise that their industry and credit could never be imperilled by the grant of universal suffrage; within six years it needed a backstairs revolution to save us from bankruptcy. Now we are told that Labour has learnt its lesson and that effective constitutional reform is unnecessary. Is it not at least worth inquiring why no other country has copied our constitution? We are not the only democracy. We are merely the only democracy whose constitution is not devised to safeguard the legitimate interests of our people.

The Realities of the Case.

THE problem is certainly more difficult for us than for others because our constitution is older and our democracy younger. That makes the task of reform the more urgent. The plain fact of the matter is that some divorce between the control of the executive and the legislature is indispensable under universal suffrage, without a written Constitution. The alternative is to set to work and write a Constitution with those provisions for constitutional amendment on which the wisdom of other democracies has invariably insisted. As it is, the people are in the intolerable position of having to accept revolutionary Socialism as the only method of expressing their displeasure with any non-socialist administration. Such a position, if left unchanged, can only result in a long era of unconstitutional government. We shall be

told, of course, that these things do not happen in England. And we shall be told a lie.

The Battle of the Books.

THE greatest unsolved problem of democracy is the control of education. This problem is usually confused (we fear intentionally in some quarters) with the problem of free speech and the right to hold and express unpopular opinions. Actually the two have very little to do with each other. The problem of education is the problem of controlling intellectual propaganda by mass suggestion and the control of the administrative educational machine. It arises when the state controls education, and now, in addition to education, the most powerful of all instruments of intellectual propaganda, the B.B.C., and when a handful of press magnates control the only alternative vehicle of mass education, viz. the press. What rights have the public against state-aided professors and doctrinaires preaching erroneous doctrines to their children? What rights have the public against newspaper owners and editors who lend large tracts of their literary columns for the slipshod expressions of unimportant personal opinions, which they seek to dignify with the name of criticism?

A Dream which must come True.

THERE is no solution of the one problem without a solution of the other. The educational machine being non-competitive is inefficient. It possesses drive only when it is animated, as in Russia, by a quasi-religious inspiration, and there the drive is in the wrong direction. In this country an amorphous body of politicians, civil servants and pedagogues control the machine and the appearance of unanimity is preserved by the reality of a complete indifference to what is taught, when even the teaching goes beyond the bare mechanics of learning. The result is reflected in the popular press, which has to

cater for a public which knows how to read and which wants to read but which has no standards by which to judge the intellectual worth of what is put before it as political science, religion, philosophy, or literary criticism. How serious the effects will be we learn from our history books. Nothing declines so rapidly as a culture. Bad literature drives out good, and bad journalism drives out both. We do not want, and should not tolerate, the state dictation of opinions. What is equally evil is the subsidization of indifference, which is the vilest of all forms of opinions and the most corrupting in its results. The answer to the dilemma is surprisingly simple. Liberal education is possible only when education is self-supporting, when educational institutions are competitive, and when the determining voice is that of the parents who are paying for it. This may be a dream of Utopia but it is a dream which must come true if progress is to be anything but a word.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Future of Our Money

By J. S. Wardlaw-Milne, M.P.

IN introducing the Bill which became the Bank Charter Act of 1844, Sir Robert Peel said, "No contract, public or private, no engagement, national or individual, is unaffected by it. The enterprise of commerce, the profits of trade, pecuniary transactions of the highest amount and the lowest, the payment of the National Debt, the command which the coin of the smallest denomination has over the means of life, are all affected by the decision we come to."

These words, spoken nearly ninety years ago, are equally true to-day of the position in regard to the future of our currency. The problems which face us at the moment, in view of our having abandoned the Gold Standard, are:—

Should we make a decision and declare our policy now, or should we wait until we see what level our £ naturally adopts in relation to the Gold Standard currencies of the world?

If we decide not to define our ultimate aim at this moment, what is our policy to be during the period in which we are awaiting developments?

Should we let matters drift and do nothing, or are we to work on the basis that while a final decision cannot yet be reached, there are clear lines upon which we must act in the meantime?

The first point is the easiest to answer. We must undoubtedly adopt a policy of "wait and see." For the Government or the Bank of England to say definitely at the present moment what the future of our currency is to be, would not only be inadvisable, but might actually be dangerous.

The financial history of the last ten years in this country is not one upon which we can look back with any pride. Over and over again those at home to whom we are entitled to ask for guidance have proved wrong.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but it would certainly appear that the Cunliffe Committee, excellent as were its intentions in the matter of restoring London to its pre-war position as the international banking centre, devoted precious little consideration to the vitally more important question of the prosperity of our industries. Annually we have had speeches from some of our leading bankers prophesying the speedy return of better times, but our trade continued to decline. In international banking affairs, there is the same story to tell. First the Dawes Plan, and then the Young Plan, failed. Eventually, in June last year, Mr. Hoover put forward a scheme which was to bring about, according to our financial advisers, an immediate and substantial improvement in trade. Actually the trade of the world went from bad to worse. The Hoover Plan, among other things, was to stop the drain of gold from London. In the sequel that drain increased! When credits were secured from abroad, we were told that the gold drain would cease. This again proved incorrect. Lastly, it was prophesied that if we abandoned the Gold Standard, terrible results would follow, leading to misery and distress all over the country. Nothing of the kind happened. We left the Gold Standard, or rather, we were driven off it, and to-day there is certainly not an industrialist of any standing, and probably very few bankers, who would willingly see us return to it at this time.

I catalogue this melancholy history of past errors, not to attribute blame, but to call attention to the danger of fixed policies in a changing world. We have been suffering from that common human weakness which is shared even by men in positions of grave responsibility, of regarding useful expedients as immutable principles and clinging to them with something akin to religious frenzy. Such a weakness is encouraged by that other human tendency—to oppose one extreme by another. High tariff walls have bred an idolatry of

free trade, excessive inflation has produced a generation of fanatical deflationists, the abuses of paper currency have led to a worship of the Golden Calf. As ever in human affairs, the path of wisdom is to be found somewhere between the extremes. The wisest plan at the moment is to steer our way slowly and with the utmost caution through the perilous waters of international finance. It is beyond human possibility to forecast the future in currency matters at a time when the whole trade of the world is upset, and when the data upon which, in days gone by, we could base our calculations, has so altered that we have little left to guide us. To these difficulties must be added the unsolved problems of War Debts and Reparations and the possibility of still higher tariff barriers between nations.

One thing, however, is certain, and that is that within any time ahead that we can foresee at the present moment, a return to gold would be disastrous to this country. A gold standard can only again be operative if certain conditions are fulfilled :—

(*a*) That ample supplies of gold are available, not only for the present needs of the world, but for its requirements in years to come.

(*b*) That the question of international indebtedness is settled upon a basis which will prevent a flow of gold into the vaults of the creditor nations, which not only impoverishes the rest of the world, but causes great embarrassment to the recipients, or alternatively leads to complete sterilization of the bulk of the metal which forms the basis of world trade.

(*c*) That a means will be found of ensuring that the nations which are on the Gold Standard will freely lend abroad again the money they receive, so that gold circulates freely.

If the Gold Delegation of the Finance Committee of the League of Nations is correct, there is not enough gold

in sight to fulfil the first condition, nor is there enough likely to be found in the next ten years. In fact, there may normally be expected a shortage by 1940 in the gold supplies of the world (assuming that the Central Banks hold the usual 33 per cent. gold cover) of anything from £10,000,000 to £60,000,000, according to the rate at which the world population and requirements of credit expand. This estimate, it should be remembered, assumes a reasonable distribution of existing supplies, and, without such arrangements, the position would be far more serious than the figures above indicate.

Gold alone is not likely therefore to be again available in sufficient quantities to safely form the basis of the currencies of the world. But, even if an attempt were made to get over this difficulty by creating a larger credit structure on a smaller basis of gold, we shall still be faced with the other two difficulties. It is useless to provide any metallic substance as a basis for currency so long as conditions exist which only result in that metal, whatever it may be, steadily finding its way into the vaults of the banks of the United States and France.

Various suggestions have been made, by many responsible people, to get over these difficulties. The bi-metallic proposal for a gold-plus-silver currency has many adherents and certainly demands serious consideration. It would have a marked effect upon the prosperity of the vast populations of India and China, and in that way would stimulate world trade, for what is wrong is not that there is excessive production of commodities, but that we are suffering from a complete breakdown in the system of exchange, which prevents consumption by those vast numbers who are only too eager to buy, and who have their labour and their products to give in exchange. Others believe that a metallic basis of any kind is unnecessary, and that our currency should in future be standardized upon a price level fixed upon an agreed basis of wholesale commodities, and fluctuating only according to the rise and fall in

wholesale values. Others again put forward the proposal of an international bank money system, varying by the rise or fall in commodity values from week to week, and divorced from the current coinage in use for small payments.

All these are matters of great interest and immense importance, but I suggest that at present we are not in a position to come to any definite decision. The long-term policy will require careful inquiry, deliberation and negotiation. These matters cannot be neglected, but equally they cannot be hurried.

What then of our short-term policy? It is admitted on all sides, and the Macmillan Report particularly emphasizes it, that what is wanted is a rise in the wholesale price level. Our problem is, how this is to be brought about without incurring the dangers of uncontrolled inflation. For the past ten years we have been the victims of a policy of deflation *à outrance*. It cannot even be pleaded that this policy has been forced upon us in ignorance. It has been deliberate in intention and fatal in its operation. Nothing could be more dangerous to the future prosperity of the country than for the Bank of England to endeavour to drag us back to the dollar parity, and it is the duty of everyone who is engaged in commerce and industry to see that this does not happen. It is possible that the enormous power vested in the Bank of England could be used, almost without our knowing it, to bring this country back to a gold basis, and it is well to remember that Parliament itself would have little knowledge of what was going on. Yet there can neither be business enterprise nor industrial prosperity without a considerable rise in the level of prices, or alternatively a very steep reduction in the burden of taxation which that industry bears.

On the other hand, the misery and distress which have been caused by the deflationist policy of recent years is not to be set right merely by starting on a policy

of inflation. Some inflation it may be, will come about, but controlled inflation is the most difficult of all operations to carry out. It is so easy for the machine to get out of hand.

What then is the Chancellor of the Exchequer to do, and what policy should the Bank of England follow? There are two things that can be done. The Chancellor can reassure industry by a plain statement of the Government's intentions, and he can take steps to ensure that the £ is allowed to find its natural level. Careful and expert management, however, will be required. It will be said, of course, that the fluctuations in the value of sterling are only what we must expect as a result of leaving the stable basis of gold, and that this is the price we must pay for having abandoned the gold standard. I do not agree. That some fluctuations must take place is probably true, but these can and must be kept within narrow bounds. A condition of violent fluctuation is one which it is almost impossible for commerce to grapple with. The merchant who is prepared and anxious to do business finds himself, under these circumstances, faced with conditions which appal him with their far-reaching consequences. Rather than run risks which arise from violently fluctuating exchanges, he will cease to trade altogether until more stable conditions exist.

It may not be possible immediately to say what the natural level of the £ is, and some months may elapse before we can fix this figure even approximately. But some statement of the Government's intentions regarding controlling undue and speculative fluctuations would result in increased confidence among all those engaged in business. They do not ask for an immediate answer to the difficult problems of the future, and they do not ask the Government to say at once what the future currency of the country is to be based upon, but they do ask that they should not be committed in advance to some policy undisclosed and undiscussed, the result of

which might be to handicap seriously their efforts and entirely upset their calculations. Particularly they ask that the whole question should be discussed in the open light of day.

In any consideration of the future which lies ahead of us we should do well to remember that we have not ourselves alone to consider. Far from bringing about a catastrophe which all but a few seemed to expect, the abandonment of the gold standard has resulted in a widespread sterling union which to-day embraces five hundred millions of the world's population, in some twenty-six countries. It is evident that our supremacy as a financial centre will depend largely upon our being able to maintain sterling at a moderately stable figure during the period which must elapse until a final settlement of world currencies is brought about. When the time comes to lay down our long-term policy there is every likelihood that more and more countries will fall into line with us. The conditions of trade, indeed, will probably force them to do so. We have a wonderful opportunity not only for the re-establishment of our own home trade on a prosperous basis, but also to give a lead to the reorganization of the international trade of the world. The Conference at Ottawa should enable us to set forth a common policy for the immediate future for the Empire, or at any rate for the greater part of it.

A declaration of our immediate monetary policy indicating that we were no less concerned with the question of restoring our industrial prosperity than with the maintenance of London as the financial centre, would give confidence through all the trading circles of this country, and, indeed, of the world. To assign blame for past mistakes is useless except in so far as it guards against their repetition. But the danger of the present situation seems to be that our banker bourbons are not even yet prepared to admit that they have committed errors of judgment in the past and to profit by the lessons of experience. I am disposed to address to those who

have been mainly responsible for our policy during the past ten years the words used on a famous occasion by Oliver Cromwell: "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ to think it possible that you may be mistaken."

There is one cause for hope. The days of currency obscurantism are passing. The business world is waking up. Members of Parliament are taking a livelier interest in the subject, as was made evident—much to the Chancellor's surprise—in the debates on the Financial Emergency Enactments (Continuance) Bill. It is now being demanded by all reasonable people that this vital question of our currency, affecting the lives and well-being of every person in these islands, should no longer remain a matter to be settled behind closed doors and at secret conclaves, but should be brought for discussion and settlement into the open light of day.

Story in Spite of Romance

Edited by Stella Benson

III.—Adventures in Siberia and America

THIS is the third story I have disentangled from the mass of romantically inspired manuscripts given me by Count Nicolas de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine. Though now old, ill, and poor in hospital, he is still an ardent and prolific author; stories of his past flow like a stream from his pen—a stream that comes from a well-filled reservoir of adventure, dammed up over a period of seventy-five years. No more adventures happen to our Count now*; his ear, tuned to thunders of war—flutings of love—subtleties of intrigue—talk of millions—must be content now with prattle of hot water bottles, temperatures, and "now-uncle-dear-finish-up-your-pudding-do." No cascades of new adventure come pouring into the dam; the supply has stopped—therefore, open the flood gates—let the torrent stream forth into a land dry of romance.

This is the story of his various exiles to Siberia, of his flight to America, and of his "Strugles in the Land of the Gold Devil."

After Count de Savine's brave bid for the throne of Bulgaria, which he described in the last story of his that I edited, the forged charge against him was quashed, and he was, for the moment, a free man in his native country. But only for the moment. "The Russian despote-tyran-hangeman-Tsar was not satisfite," and this is perhaps not surprising, since the Count boasts that he had been concerned in the plot that had resulted in the murder of the poor "hangeman's" father, Alexander II.

> "A new case was forged against me and I was arrested again for my so-caled 'Old politics deels,' for wich in Russians law code is no prescription;

* Since writing this, I have heard from him from Macao, Portugese Colony in China, where he says "My arrival have made a grand sensation."

kept more than two yahrs in Moscow politic jail, and after it, without any court examination or trial, by personal order of the Tsar Alexander III, sendet for life exil to Siberia, in a smal siberian town behaind the North pole circle, of the name of Narim, on the borders of Ob river. To this smole and durty town I was brogth in Juin 1890; from there I escapet few months after. But on way to Western Europe tru European Russia I was arrested at the town of Kozloff, and, as ran-away exil from Siberia, put in jail where I stay, in horribly conditions, few months. After that, was sendet on footh, in winter time, bac to my exil place, Tomsk province, Siberia.

"This penefull long way, of 4 thousands killometres, I dun with crimminels in chains, kept, in way, in the durty jails of the Tsar, suffering undescribed miserys before I rich my destination.

"Be released at Tomsk, at this second exil, 1891, I prepair a new escape, as my energie was no broken, and had only one mind—to awoid the Tsar's barbary, and show to him that I will never recognise his despotic power—will never submit me to him—will escape from his shemeful empire, make my way thru the rivers and swamps of the terrible polar Siberia, with her snow and wildernesses, to the great and free America, contry of my dreams.

"Wth very little money, but with great energie, I took bravely my way to the Pacific cost—six thousands killometres of way—on footh, horsebec, and on river bots, as at this time the trans-Siberian railroad was only in project, beginning work only from the Far East. Difficult was this long and penefull way tru Siberia, but I dun it bravely.

"Passing Navarowsk, on the Amur river, I took and contracted some good profitable works for the building of the railroad trac. Took work for

300,000 rubels, and for it was going from Navarowsk bac west to Blagoveschenk, for catch there the necessary tools and workers that I need for the works. Could not find the workers as all the working peopel of the locality was gone to new very rich goldfields, of the name of Zeltuga—which means, in Russian language, *yellow*. Goldfields was in the wildernesses of Mongolia, seven-eigth hundret killometres south east from Blagoveschenk. Storys was told on the great richenes of those goldfields—new California or new Klondik—, and I, with my kwik decision in avery matter, change my plans—took without delay a decision to go there.

"At Blagoveschenk I find some old friends of my, exiled men as me, both lawyers from Petersburg, who join me. Exept (besides) these mens, join me a third, Count Alexis Podgorichany Petrowich, all strong and energetic mens.

"After tree weeks time we rich the famos camp of Zeltuga. There was, at the time, more as ten thousands peopel, most of them tramps and ranaway convicts from Siberian penitentiary, also deserted soldiers and all kind of desperados. Such a mixed peopel you could not see anywhere on erth. All these peopel was living in self-made huts, in tents, and in cavernes in the round-lying hills, on the bank of the kwik-running river Zeltuga carrying gold in her sands. The mens was mixed—low-class and hyg-educated; there was also planty womens, most desperados of the worst class. But all had planty gold—gold sands and gold nuguets, get by them every day, very esy, from the river sands. Every one who was not lasy, and drunk not to much, make esy a fortune, washing, from day to gold of the hygest quality for hundrets and more dayly. By catching some nuguets could have ten times more. Some had amassed real fortunes of many pounds gold. Drunkness and gamblings was

there very popular; authority and law was unknown. Only robery was severely punished. Some robery cases finish by murder—a kind of American lynch. All this came from drunkness—from spirit and vodka.

" By our arrival, me and my friends, to Zeltuga in May 1892, I was greated with entusiasm, as good-known and popular men in Russia, from my election to the thron of Bulgaria, who short time before, make such a boom and noise in all Russia. On ground of it, I was known for a very cleaver and energic men, and by my arrival in Zeltuga, I was asked by the peopel of the camp to take care of it—organise the necessairy for make order on the desperados goldfields. I accepted it and took the roole, with the help of my tree friends. Power who came greater and more urgent soon, as we had to organise a seriosly militairy defense of our camp—or *republic*, as we beguin to call it from the time of my arrival there. The nomad mongols, with their prince Uday on had, attac us. They was many thousands —monted—wild beests. Begun a real war. What was very good and happy to us was that this asiats had not shot guns, and we had. That permit us to keep them on some distance of our camp, by our bulets. Some of our mens was experimented artillerie soldiers, who worked out shot, with wich we dun a real panic in the rangs of the monted mongols—wild mens on wild horses—who go crasy from our shuting. After few days they left us, return to their wildernesses and prairies.

" But the Mongolian ruler, Prince Uday, sendet a complaint to Peking, to the central Chinese government, wassal of wich he was; reported that russian peopel took unlawful possetion of his territory. And Chinese rulers, tru their embassador at St. Petersburg, complaint to hyg officials, what was reported to the Tsar, who ordered to clean

immediately the place—Chinese territory—from his subjects.

"This order of the Tsar, comming per telegraph to Blagoveschenk, make take energic steps by the local governor, General Arsenieff, who, on had of a millitairy detachement of infantry and cossacs, apear, August 1892, on our borders. This was for us more serios as the Mongols who attac us few weeks before. Sertenly, this unexpected-by-us arrival of hyg official with millitairy force, brogth a panic between the Zeltuga peopel, and I was delegated to the general for parlays. Parlays was brogth to nothing, as I could not convinced the general to permit to our peopel to stay longeur on our rich gold camp. Our fabulos rich bisness was gone!

"As the general told me: 'I have the strictly orders of His Majesty, to put without delay all Russians out from Chinese territory and destroyed the settlement. I know that most of them are ran-away crimminels, but I dont tuch to them; left them free as I have not enof place in the jails. But they must leave the place without any delay. And you, levtenant, as head-man, you will go with me on my both to Blagoveschenk, for await orders concern you from St. Petersburg. I will telegraph to my chief, asking instruction on your behalf.'

"Few hours after, the famos Zeltuga was destroyed by fier, and I took my way on the motor-both of the general to Blagoveschenk, trieted perfectly gentel, as officer by officer. The general, a ci-devant garde-artillerie officer from good nobility family, was a gentleman.

"My position was critic. Orders from St. Petersburg concern me, will rich soon Blagoveschenk—orders of wich I could not expect some good results. The mind of the *blac hand* of the Tsar's helpers—hyg officials—was known to me; on ground of it I took the necessairy steps for awoid the great

trubles that I was shur to have. At the two months of my work on the goldfield I work out a good lot of gold sands and costly nuguets, that brogth me the necessairy money, permit me to secure my way furter. This permit me to bribe the secretairy of the governor, for know the ewaited telegraphic answer from St. Petersburg before it will be known by the governor. For this *kindly service* of the secretairy to me, I give him five hundred rubels. At the same time, prepair for prompt departure—bogth a good and strong riding horse and sadle. The gold that I brogth from Zeltuga was sold by me to a rich Chinese for thirty thousand rubels—money that I had on me—all in five hundred rubel notes, that took not much space to carry it.

" And the ewaiting answer from St. Petersburg came soon, brogth to me by the obligent secretairy. ' By orders of His Majesty the Emperor—Cornet (cavalerie sub-levtenant) Nicolas de Savine have to be deported and exiled for life to Yakutsk province—sendet him there without any delay to the disposition of the governor, to hoom are sendet instructions concern him. Sign, Minister of the Interior.'

" Reciving this unplasant news for five hundred rubels—that was not to much for such service—I jamp on my horse, who was redy sadled, left without any loose of time the same night on way to the Far East. At that time—August 1892—the Trans-Siberian railway was only beguin to be bild, and as I rich Navarovsk, I had to travel on steamer to the station Ussury, and from there, on a balast platform, go to Nicolsk. From there only could take a regular train to Wladivostoc—city who I rich without any trubles.

" Difficult was to me, to left Russia, my damned faterland.

"But it hapened to me, reciving help from foregners. And who give me this help? A British men. A good real Christian British see-captain, of the S.S. Aladin from Glasgow. This English Gentleman, this tru Christian, help me—took me on bord of his vessel to Vancouver, British Columbia. Aladin and the captain I will never ferguet to my last days! Good dear and honest British man who brogth me to my freedom—brogth me to the most memorable day of my life—the 25th december 1892—Christmas Day.

"I will count to you the story of my departure from Russia—make a very caracteristic picture of this ran-away from the so-good-guardet Russian Tsarendom. Looking for a foregner cargo ship who seil to America, after a few weeks of enquirys, fine one—S.S. Aladin. It was in the first days of December 1892 wen I see the long-time-ewaited-by-me British flag in the midle of Wladivostoc harbor. Took a sampan, who brogth me to the british ship, where I was recived by the captain, who I find in his cabin, reading a fic book—who was the Bible.

"'What I can doo for you?' was his first words after have reading my card presented by me.

"'To take me on bord, by your departure to Vancouver, where you seil tomorow.'

"'Aladin is a cargo-bot—dont take passagers,' was his answer.

"'Well, captain, but make exeption for me, a politic exil. Save me from the Tsar's shemefull tyranie. I see here on your table, captain, the Holy Bible—what make me think that you are a Christian and, as such, doo what ordered to us Christians Our Lord Jesus Christ. Help me, your brother in Christ, save me from the tortures that we indure. Remember that escaping is not a sin, as Joseph and Maria, with their child Jesus, escapet to

Egipt, for save the life of that child Jesus from the cruauty of Irod ! '

" ' You rigth, my brother in Christ, I will take you on bord of Aladin, who seil tomorow early morning. You have to come on bord this nigth. But I take you to Hakodato, Japan (where I have to call)—not as passager, but as working seemen, as, in those conditions, I could tell, by our departure, to Russian officials, that I have not passagers on bord. I can not lee—we British peopel dont lee. From Hokodato you will arrenge your passage to Vancouver with the agent of my company, payd to him what he will charge. So I will not be responsible before God and before mens. All rigth ? '

" ' All rigth, captain. I will never ferguet your great kindness to me—your real Christian deel. Bless God.'

" Before the departure of my savior ship, Aladin, I passed few hours of great tourment, who look to me as eternity, at the engine room, mascaraded as a working men, dressed in durty blue trussers and short coat of machine workers, given to me by one of those mens. By such a mascarade in the machine room of the stemer I was garentied not to be find and recognise by the Russian officials who came on bord for fixe the formality of departure. Russian officers and mens was largely treated with wines and all kinds of drinks of hyg British marks, who make them enjoy the farewell of the British stemer. And my frigth was without any reasons, as sertenly at this day nobody from the officials had suspect my finding there. Only the mooving of the vessel and his wissel by his departure make me make a cross and say, ' God bless my furter way." I was out of Russians' claws !

" At the time I was 36 yahrs old, was a strong and energic men, had on me a suffisent amount of money—32 thousand rubels—that on the exchange

of those days make 15 thousand American gold dollars. As a ran-away politic exil, I had no regular passport, but had some legal papers who proved who I was—my borning act and a notary-made will of my unkel Count George de Toulouse Lautrec by wich he transfered to me—his nevew—his estates in Russia and title of Count. I had also my official agreement from the office of the Siberian rail road, for the work of the trac—for 300,000 rubels—that I had to doo in two yahrs time, and I had the rigth to take partners in this bisness. Before my departure from Russia, I make translate into english this agreement, and sertifite as registered at the consulate of the United States at Wladivostoc.

"So I landet on the United States free soil without any trubles, as at the time the landing was free and nobody ask for passports and visas as it is now.

"I feel me very happy in my confortable room of the Great Norden Hotel at Seattle—sleep as a dead men in my fine American spring bed. Of sleep I was long time deprived by my tramping over Siberia. My actual position at the time seem to me all rigth. I had thirty two thousand rubels on my tabel staying near my bed—money that I counted before going sleep—money who I belive be suffisent for my living some times before my prospected bisness will go. My project find rich partners for a large enterprise of works on the Siberian rail road, and for work out the gold that was so esy to find at Zeltuga—plans and prospects of my, who was no dreams . . .

"I was ewok, late in the morning, by the noc on my door and on my 'Come in,' enter an office boy, who brogth to me two visit cards.

"'Who are those gentlemans, and why want from me?' ask I.

"'They are newspaper mens, count, and want to interview you.'

"'Well, they can inter, but make my excuses to them for my reciving them in bed,' told I to the boy.

"Few minutes after it, two gentlemans inter, shek hands with me. One of them had a kodac with whoom he took my picture from different points of my room, at the time as the other one interviewed me.

"What look to interest them more was the question, where the Tsar will take such large amount of money—millions—for bild such a large rail road.

"To that, my answer was: 'That the Tsar is not short of money, as planty money is in his government's tresory.'

"'But rubels stay very loo on the stoc exchange of New York and London,' answer the newspaper mens.

"'You perfectly rigth,' I answer. 'But the Tsar have his own factory for the printing of those rubels, who have for him only the value of the paper and print—for wich you will payd fifty cents in gold. That will secure pretty well the purches of all that nead the bilding of the Siberian line—reils—iron bridges—ingines, and other stof.'

"'In this line of deel the Tsar's government is all rigth, then?'

"'The laber and work are cheep, and cheep are the food stofs in all Siberia. Look see my agreement, translated into English at the American Consulate at Wladivostoc, who will convince you of the shur and large profit of those undertaken works by contractors and selesmen of different stof that necessitate this great rail road line. Exept it (besides), what have a great value for American firms is the great sympatie of Russians to American

—this give a great chance for American firms to obtain works as sel the necessairy stof for the rail road.'

"This interview of my produce a real boom in all United States, and brogth to me an unexpected chance to make money. Leters and telegrams came to me from all parts. The biguest firms who work for rail roads—Carneguey—Puolman Carr Co.—Boldwin Locomotive—Carter Bridge works—C. P. Huntington—rail road magnats wich, to make my acquentance—ask me to make them the plasor to visit their factorys. And one of them—the so-coled rail road 'King,' Mr. C. P. Huntington—asked me to be his guest—sendet me for my smole expennes a chec of thousand dollars, that I cash in Seattle. I took without delay the way to the Californian capital in one of those beautiful American sleeping cars whose egal you no find anythere. By my arrival to Frisco, I was recived on the station by the privat secrettry of Mr. Huntington who took me in an elegant carr to the Palace Hotel, where was prepared for me two elegant rooms with anexed bath room to it. There I stay as guest of the magnat, who took all my expences on his acount. I enjoy my living in the New World. I enjoy the large hospitality of this yank millionair.

"Sertenly my first visit was to him—taken by his elegant carr, driven by two beautiful pur-blood horses, to his beautiful residence—a real souverein palas, on the bech of the Pacific. There I was recived by the old magnat with great curtoisie. After a suculant lunch, prepared by his French chef, the old gentleman took me to his bisness room and beguin his inquery—who prooved to me his great knowledge in rail road bisness. I satisfy quait and quait (entirely) his curiosity concern the Siberian line. That brogth the old and experient men to put to me the question: 'Can you, Count,

furnish me from the Russian ministery of communications, full skatch of the trac who is to bild? And the cost of the pay for her bilding? I can and want to take all the bilding of this road with all the bridge stations, depos, rolling stocs, ingines, carrs and reils. And for it, want to have the proposed prises for it. Can you, Count, give to me all this, tru your friends at St. Petersburg? And how much it will cost?'

"This unexpected question put to me by the yank millionair make me ask less that I could have—apreciated the necessairy bribe to Russian officials to 10–15 thousand. But the millionair save me—understood the some of the bribe in *American dollars* and not in *rubels*. Took his chec books from the drower of his desk, and wroth and handet to me his chec on a local bank for fifteen thousand *gold dollars*!

"It was a great success for me, and good money for my furter work, as, with a sending to St. Petersburg—to my friends of the ministery of communications—of *five hundred rubels* only—I recived very soon all that was nead—the profil of the bildet road and the payd costs of the presumed bilding—all that was expect and nead by Mr. Huntington. That brogth to the ful satisfaction of all interested peopels in this affair—the yank millionair—the Russian bribed officials—and me, the aranger of this deel. My first good profit of my cleaver bisness with the to smart yanks, who took me for a green, who was not so green as they took me for!

"From this first success I came soon to other ones. The next bisness of the same kind was dun by me with bridge works of the Carter Co. of St. Louis, Mo., and Puolman Carrs concern of Chicago, Ill. There I succied in the same kind of agreement—recived for them, from my St. Petersburg friends, the necessairy apreciations of the

bilding of the trac. It was necessairy for the Siberian rail road more as seven hundred ingines, of the cost of 12 to 20 thousand dollars peace—that brogth to me a seling sum of 8 to 14 million dollars. Bisness in which I was chit by the largest rail road concern of the United States, who took from me all the necessairy details and dun the deel without me—sending to St. Petersburg their own agent who contracted for his concern the delivery of the necessited ingines. That locomotive works is the only American rail road concern from whom I have not obtain a broken cent!

"This cleaver deel of my give to me—*a green who was not green*—one hundred thousand American gold dollars in five months time of my triumphal trip tru United States from Seattle to New York. That confirm to me my opinion that, for make money, you must know two thinks—where the money is, and how to obtain it. And obtain it in regular lawful way, sertenly. I succied to obtain all that was need by the yanks more chiep as I took from them—so a good amount of money stay in my pokets—money gain by me in perfectly lawfully way. And I succied at the same time to form a syndicate in New York who consist of five members—me the only one who had the fifth part of the expected profits without puting money in the bisness. I was promoter of this deel, the succieding of wich was garentied by my connection with the hyg influents peopels at the ministery of communications at St. Petersburg. But in my position of ran-away exil, I could not go to Russia with my American partners, send on my place from Paris, my brother—ex-Russian diplomat, who had many influents and powerful friends in Russia. Tru these friends I hope that my American partners and my brother Serge, on their trip to St. Petersburg in spring 1895. will obtain the livery of the necessited

rail road works. What was dun was brogth to near reussite, if *one point* of the presumed agreement between the Russian officials and the delegates of our syndicate could be agreed from both sides. This point concern the bribe—'pot-de-vin,' as the French peopel caled it, who had to be payd to the Russian officials. Agreement, who was made in very profitable terms, had to be sign and handet from the Russians to the Americans *after the million dollar bribe will be payd* to the hyg officials. But the Americans, who agree to the sum to be payd, claim to payd the million *after the undersigning and handing to them of the agreement.* On this point both sides desagrie, and my American partners left St. Petersburg for Paris and home.

"With it—my cleaver bisness and works—*gone.* My dream of making millions on Siberian rail road—evaporated as smoke!

"I came bac from Paris to America, make a new round trip tru New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinaty, Chicago, Pitsburg—knok on the office doors of the Wanderbilds, Gulds, Rockefeller, Morgan, and many others, but could not reussite. I only expendet my money that I had obtain so esy in my first comming to America.

"And my return to the Contry of the Gold Devil brogth me to strugle for life—American strugle who is worst as anywhere. The great English writer Shacsper tells us, tru the mouth of his hero Hamlet, a great truth—that once come to us misfortune, she is colective—hit us long time—give us planty miserys. How tru it is! I know it, as I indure it in the long yahrs of my living in the contry of 'help yourself' and 'hury up.' There the strugle for life is feld by you more and worst as any where. There is cold materialism—apreciation of everythink on the dollar value; a cruk millionair is a gentlemen, and a poor gentlemen nothing—

'count without acount,' how was coled a friend of my and many others who make the mistake to come without money to the Contry of the Gold Dollar. Titles no exist at this ultra democratic contry, and are not apreciated by the mens—*but apreciated very much by the rich millionairs' daugthers*, who are so fond to marry a Europeen titled men and have honnor and the great satisfaction to be princesses, countesses, and baronnes, and, as such, be presented to the royal and emperial courts, and make a deep reverance to the queens of England, Italie or Spain. They ferget in this time their ultra democratic fieling of yank womens. I know it pretty well, as reciving many propositions of mariage from rich American girls, who writes to me without any feminine sheme, asking to mary them. 'I am blond, sweet and pretty, worth half million dollars, want to be a countess. Reply to the hed post office on the letters A.B.C. . . .' Such letters I recive many, at the time of my living at the Contry of the Gold Dollar, from 1892 to 1899. But I make no attention to these proposal, as I was not the man who sel his love and his title. I was a men who love and respect womens, and had the intention to marry only on ground of affection and love."

The Count is naturally so much outraged by the discovery that the Gold Dollar has two faces—one going and the other coming, as it were—and by the fact—which we have all noticed—that the man who shows you the door cannot compare in personal charm with the man who receives you with open arms—that he does not tell us what form his struggle in the Land of the Gold Devil took after he lost the gold so necessary there. From the fact that the Gold Devil never regained the halo with which the Count crowned him on first acquaintance, we must assume sadly that no further "cleaver deel" ever met with success. Nevertheless, we may be sure that the verdant and vital "Green who has no green" retained his

sap of dignity and courage—never withered and fell to a lowly decay. Any one knowing the Count de Savine would appreciate his personal dignity too much to imagine that he ever descended to the depths of horny-handed humility said to be reached by some other immigrants of noble blood. The occupations of shoe-black, waiter, cab-driver, newsboy, I would stake my honour, never had any place in his schemes. We may be confident, in spite of the veil drawn over this period, that his mind was always fixed on higher things—his wagon always hitched to a star. He was, and is, a man of high standards and large views, and it is good to know that " cleaver deels " did not include the acceptance of offers of mercenary marriage.

So we find our Joseph turning his back on all the daughters of Potiphar, on his way back to Europe, to fall into Russian Claws again. There was no rest for him anywhere. In the New World he was deprived of his freedom of soul—in the Old, of his freedom of body. How thankful we should be whose blood is vulgarly red enough to allow us to think in terms of bread and butter, instead of in terms of champagne and caviar—to feel that if we must offend against authority or be disappointed in a scheme, we are likely to incur the wrath of the traffic cop or tax-collector, or irritate our employer—rather than draw upon ourselves the far-reaching ire of emperors or the wounding neglect of " millionair magnats."

(*To be continued.*)

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The Eastern Buttress of Europe

By J. D. Gregory

OF the several dates in history which mark the defence of Western civilization against a direct menace to its existence, two especially, 1683 and 1920, are among the most memorable; while there are three, 1722, 1793 and 1795, which were best forgotten. All five concern Poland. The first two record the salvation of Europe by Poland; the last three the attempted destruction by Europe of Poland and thereby of herself.

In early August, 1920, the Bolshevik armies stood before the gates of Warsaw. The British Government (not the Foreign Office) recommended surrender; the French, more foreseeing and courageous, sent the best help at their disposal. On August 15 the Russians were defeated and driven back across their frontiers. Had Warsaw fallen, who knows but that the whole of Northern Germany, defenceless and divided, might have succumbed? The frontier between civilization and Bolshevism might well have been, not the Pinsk marshes, but the Rhine.

But this vital service rendered by Poland was largely ignored in our country. Poland had emerged from the war unpopular, in contrast to Czechoslovakia, which, since its first bid for independence in 1917, had been the *enfant gâté* of the Allies, particularly England.

The reasons why this happened are partly, but not wholly, capable of explanation. They can be traced in the first instance to personalities. Marsaryk and Benes were well known among us. They were the types of men that appealed to many of our politicians and political writers. They had never compromised or thought of compromising with the Central Powers. They had, indeed, had no need to compromise. They had instigated the defection of the Czech regiments on the Austrian fronts. They had cultivated powerful friends in the English Press.

There were no corresponding Polish personalities. The pioneers who appeared in England during the war, such as Roman Dmowski, were previously unknown and not always appreciated. Their intransigence was inconvenient. They talked too much of Polish history and Polish ideals, and too little of practical contributions to winning the war. The balance was to some extent redressed in Paris. The charm of Paderewski could not be resisted. His two years' pilgrimage in America had not been in vain.

But the unpopularity of Poland was not by any means to be accounted for solely by a question of personalities. Already in 1916 there were influences, some straightforward, others sinister, at work to counter sympathy for this century-long persecuted people. So long as the Russian front held, the problem had admittedly to be dealt with tactfully. The Grand Duke Nicholas had proclaimed the union and freedom of Poland, but under the suzerainty of the Czar, though almost immediately after the proclamation the proceedings of the Russian authorities in Galicia made it clear to the world that their conception of Polish freedom was Czarist. Later on, when the Russian steamroller was rolled back into Russia the Central Powers, on their side, made their own conception of Polish union and freedom equally clear, though Austro-German tutelage was, from an internal point of view, more tolerable than Russian. It was perhaps the unavoidable, albeit repugnant, Austro-German flavour of the Polish Regency that helped to produce the later coolness towards Poland, in spite of the avowed anti-German sentiments of the Polish pioneers in London and Paris, the formation of Haller's legions for service on the Western front, the refusal of Pilsudski's legions to take the oath to the Kaiser, and Pilsudski's own internment at Magdeburg as a consequence.

The ostensible reason, however, in England for distrust of Poland from 1919 on was a widespread disbelief in her stability. That this opinion was sedulously

fostered by German and Russian propaganda is beyond doubt; that it was backed by German and Russian money is probable, but impossible to prove. The sympathy of the Labour Party for the Russian Revolution logically involved a hostility to Poland, which to some extent, but in a lesser degree, lingers on to this day. The hostility took concrete shape, and various charges were levelled against the Polish administration. The Jewish question was brought to the fore, and the British Government were forced to send a mission of inquiry under Sir Stuart Samuel. The report was not unfavourable to the Poles. So the ground of attack was shifted to the relations between Poland and her neighbours.

Poland did not altogether help her friends and supporters abroad. Pilsudski had come into the foreground, and set out to solve delicate problems by too blunt methods. He was not the man to consider foreign susceptibilities in matters which in effect concerned only Poland and her immediate environment, and he forgot that Poland's resurrection was bound up with the Peace Treaties. He ignored the fact that it was dangerous to remedy single-handed the mistakes made in Paris. General Zeligowski's *coup* at Vilna, where only a very small percentage of the population are Lithuanians, was justified by hard facts, but it was unfortunately made in the face of solemn assurances abroad that it would not take place. The relations between Poland and Lithuania should have been settled on a basis of personal union or federation at the Peace Conference. The subsequent attempts at Geneva to arrange a settlement on these lines were foiled by Lithuania. It is not unnatural that Polish patience should have given way. But her drastic solution brought obloquy upon her and increased the distrust. The confirmation of her violence by the recognition of her Eastern frontiers was a wise act on the part of the Foreign Office, but it was strictly political and did little to restore Polish credit, long since undermined, with unfortunate effects on Anglo-Polish trade.

Nevertheless Poland had, in the face of intense opposition, succeeded in consolidating her territory, and, when the lack of homogeneity between her three component parts is considered, the debt which she owes to Pilsudski (no less than to Paderewski) cannot be lightly underrated. Congress Poland so-called, namely, the former Russian division, Posnania, Germanized in discipline (though bitterly anti-Prussian), Galicia, strongly impregnated by Hapsburg sentiment, had become radically differentiated. Only a very strong hand could pull them together; and strong hands have a habit of squeezing hard.

Pilsudski is the rough and ready consolidator of a nation whose intelligence inevitably involves an overdose of individualism and its corollary, a congenital trend to disunion. The Marshal was, indeed, confronted by five grave problems, to wit, agrarian reform, legal reform, administrative reform, Minorities and Parliament. The first of these, which was fraught with obvious difficulties, has been largely solved by force of circumstances. The solution of legal and administrative problems is well in hand. Since there were five distinct legal codes in existence, and even greater administrative diversity, the magnitude of the task cannot be lightly underrated.

The Minority problem is of wider interest. Poland has four main Minority problems, Jewish, German, White Russian and Ruthenian. The first of these is in process of solving itself. In the years immediately following the resurrection there were two tendencies among the Jews in Poland, one towards assimilation, the other towards a sulky particularism, claiming privilege. Jews in Poland fall into two categories, the old-established Polish Jews, and the more recently imported Russian Jews, largely malcontent and strongly coloured by Communism. It was the first of these categories that tended towards assimilation; the latter to hostility towards the State. The anti-semitism of the National Democrats and of the majority of the student class, who incline to extreme

nationalism, did not help matters. But, in the last three or four years, there has been a real disposition to live and let live, and the two races are settling down on that basis. The Poles are a temperamentally tolerant, and easy-going people, and the pogrom was a Russian, and never a Polish, method of dealing with Jewish provocation. On the whole the Jews are now at peace with the Polish authorities.

The German Minority also falls into two: those who migrated to Poland on business of their own free will and their descendants, and the German colonists, who were first planted by Frederick the Great. The German national sense is the weakest in the world, and the Germans of the first category have ended by adopting extreme Polish nationalism. Those of the second category, on the other hand, are not assimilable, though they are more interested in economics than politics, unless stirred up thereto by intrigues from within the Reich, and, except on the Silesian frontier or at Danzig, they are not a cause of dissension, and they do not resort to terroristic methods.

The White Russian is a feeble, uncultured person, easily assimilable, though, being very poor, subject to Bolshevik influences. His future in the Eastern Marches is not a disagreeable one. He can be pleasantly and kindly harmonized. He never had any national consciousness, and, if only left alone by the Bolshevik agents, is capable of becoming a law-abiding citizen of the Polish Commonwealth.

It is otherwise with the Ruthenes of Galicia. The problem here is complicated by a variety of factors—the existence of a militant intellectual class, cultural barriers, differences of religious rite, racial patchwork and long-standing agrarian grievances. The Austrian Government, true to its tradition of *divide et impera*, had played off the Polish landlords and the Ruthenian peasantry against one another, while Russia promoted a Panslav sentiment among the latter. The result, on the breaking-up of the

Dual Monarchy, was confused irredentism and disintegration. There was no end to the demands for emancipation from Polish rule, and never with the suggestion of a practical alternative. In the self-determination delirium started by President Wilson, there was one pathetic community of only a few thousand souls, tucked away in a tiny corner of the Carpathians—it would have required a super-human ethnologist to fix their racial origin—who solemnly petitioned the Foreign Office for complete political independence. The Ruthenes proper looked to the Ukraine, London, Geneva and anywhere else they could think of to secure support against the Warsaw Government. They were irreconciliable, and unrest was steadily promoted by terrorist organizations, heavily subsidized from abroad.

Divided counsels reigned in Poland regarding the settlement of the problem, and two main schools of thought arose. The National Democrats stood for a unitary policy, Pilsudski for liberal concessions. Here the latter was once again guided by common sense. But pacification was not to be achieved in a day, nor always by gentle persuasion. The Ruthenian agitation has continued unabated, with its eye firmly fixed on the League of Nations, and it is only this year that the Ruthenes have been finally told that they must accommodate themselves to the regime which has been offered to them and not hope any longer for foreign intervention.

Besides dealing with the Minority questions, Pilsudski had also to turn his attention to the Parliamentary discord which was blocking the already difficult unification of the country. At a moment of crisis in Parliamentarism everywhere, the abrupt introduction of universal suffrage among a largely illiterate population was bound to produce a raw and ill-behaved legislature. An appreciable percentage of the deputies elected to the first Sejm could neither read nor write. Entire absence of constitutional tradition meant not merely persistent obstructionism, but the latent danger of direct action.

The chronic quarrel between Executive and Opposition reached its climax in the autumn of 1930. Fresh elections to the Sejm were imminent, and, in the interests of the country, it was essential that they should give Pilsudski a clear majority. He had two alternatives, either to take abnormal steps to secure that majority, or to let things take their course and, in the event of an adverse result, to act *à la* Cromwell and purge the Diet after it had been elected. He chose the former.

A congress of the Opposition was especially convened at Cracow to deal with the situation and was attended by most of the leaders. It represented the so-called "Centrolew," a coalition of the Centre and Left groups in the Sejm. On the night of September 9–10 Pilsudski caused the arrest of their leaders and had them transferred to the military fortress of Brest. They were in the main notable politicians, and included such prominent public men, as Witos, leader of the Peasant Party and an ex-Prime Minister, and the free lance, Korfanty, of Silesian notoriety. The elections thereupon took place and resulted in a majority for the Marshal. The prisoners were set free one by one, but an inquiry was instituted to determine their guilt. They were charged with plotting a *coup d'état* to overthrow the regime, promoting revolutionary propaganda among the masses, organizing an anti-government militia, and preaching passive resistance. Considerable colour was lent to these charges by the outbreak, only a few days after the Cracow congress, of revolutionary demonstrations, accompanied by bloodshed, in various towns, and there was good reason to suspect the complicity of the arrested Opposition leaders.

The latter denied all the charges, even to disavowing their coalition into a single "Centrolew" combine *ad hoc*, and only admitted that, owing to their Parliamentary impotence in the face of the dictatorial methods of the government, they were paving the way for free elections within strictly legal limits. The inquiry

dragged on till January of this year and resulted in a verdict favourable to the Government.

The "Brest Process," as it is generally known, will and should be swiftly buried in oblivion. It has by no means reflected credit on the regime, less on account of the principle involved in the suppression of a genuine agitation, whatever its actual aims or dimensions, as of the rough methods employed against its promoters. Once again the political immaturity of the Marshal and his camarilla was unfortunately displayed. Otherwise reputable Parliamentary leaders were not merely arbitrarily arrested, but were confined in a military prison, where their treatment was harsh and even inhuman. There can have been no sort of excuse for handling political prisoners in this way, and its only effect was to rouse indignation against Pilsudski in all sections of the country and seriously to damage his prestige. There are no grounds on which it can be defended. It must frankly remain a black mark against the Marshal.

Nevertheless there is no evidence of dishonesty on the part of the Ministry of the Interior, whose business it was to see the unfortunate business through. That much of it was due to grave error of judgment is generally admitted. That it argues the persistence, inappropriate to our times, of a soldier of fortune mentality is certain. But given the prodigious difficulties of welding together a nation, unbalanced to its roots by a century and a half of persecution, temperamentally impatient, and yet intensely patriotic, the thing in itself is not wholly surprising. That it has saddened the bulk of the Poles, without destroying their faith, is a proof that Polish idealism prevails in spite of the wounds inflicted on Poland from both within and without. But primarily it must not be forgotten that the original vice of Poland was anarchy cloaked under the historical *liberum veto*. It was the pretext for the highway robbery of Prussia and her evil associates. It has been the pretext for her modern opponents to oppose her free destiny, for modern

Jonahs to prophesy another partition. That is what Pilsudski had in mind, and the critics cannot have it both ways.

It would not only be a grave injustice to the Poles, but also a serious injury to Europe, if their leaders' drastic, even unscrupulous, methods in securing unity were taken too tragically. There is no reason for the public conscience to be shocked. Few countries can afford to be self-righteous in these matters. The essential is that the consolidation of Poland should proceed without hindrance. Her past is pacific and not truculent. In the terrible days of 1863 she faced Gortschakoff's massacres with a tranquil stoicism or faith, which are unparalleled in history. Her poets have preached non-violence. But for the blood of the silent Polish martyrs Poland could barely have lived again.

Modern Europe, however, is not concerned with idealism as a basis of politics, and, despite disarmament conferences, continues to rely on bayonets and machine-guns. Who will blame it, where it has to deal, not with its own component parts, but with a potential enemy at its gates, avowedly materialistic and dogmatically unmoral? Poland is the outpost of its civilization, and, if the onslaught from the East comes, it is Poland that will have to bear the first brunt.

It may be that the frontal attack will not come for some time; it may even be that it will never come. For the present the Soviet Power prefers the warfare of microbes on weak political cultures. A Moscow newspaper has recently announced an exhibition, in the "Revolution Museum" of the Communist capital, reproducing the Spanish exploits of last year, including the burning of churches and convents. Whether or not the Spanish revolution has reached, or is likely to reach, a definite condition of Bolshevism, it is in Spain (and Spanish America) that the Third International has been making an intensive effort. Moscow is wedded to the metaphor of scissors, and the apostles of world revolution have

conceived a geographical figure of that shape, by which the main mass of Europe shall be gradually sawn between two sharp blades forged out of its south-western and eastern extremities. An idle dream, perhaps, but, if it comes true, the outer guardians of European security will once again be France and Poland. They are the bulwarks on which the old order depends.

When it is asked therefore—and strange though it may sound to the Poles, it is asked, "Will Poland endure?"—the answer is that she must endure, and that she will endure, if she is allowed to do it in her own way. It is not always realized (since few people take the trouble to look at maps) that Poland has an area almost as large as Germany and has a population only a third less than that of France. Her population is increasing steadily owing largely to the prevailing dislike of neo-Malthusian practices. Her finances are in order. Her trade is advancing. Above all, she stands fast by her ancient faith and traditions. Her danger lies, on the one hand, in political disunion, and, on the other, in being nut-cracked between two powerful neighbours, though it is incredible that one of these should so betray its trust as to enter into an unholy alliance with the other.

But, whether foreign Powers support or oppose her, her future will in the main depend on the strength as well as the wisdom of her own rulers, and on them rests in many ways an even greater responsibility than on the rulers of age-long united countries, because it is a European as well as a national responsibility.

"L'apres-midi d'un Tigre"

By Anne Fremantle

SHE was far too good for him, all her friends said, so spiritual and gifted, with an exquisite, delicate soul, like gossamer lace, or a cream coloured tea-rose, whilst his friends grumbled that such a splendid athlete and sportsman should marry a slender, small-boned girl, who was hopeless at golf, only passable at tennis, and who, though a good horsewoman, refused to hunt. They were married in London, and sailed at once for India, where they joined his regiment, the 17th Lancers, at Nazirabad. He found a lovely bungalow up in the hills, amongst the deodars, with rhododendron scrub growing wild in a garden full of mangoes and tamarinds, brisels and pummeloes. They took it complete with furniture and servants, for he wanted her to be free from all household worries, and to exist only for him, during those first sweet months. Below, in the town, there was good polo, and behind on the wooded hills, excellent pigsticking. He was out nearly all day. At first he took her everywhere with him, proud of her youth and beauty and freshness, but she didn't like the Club, and the leather-skinned, hard-voiced women, with masculine clothes, and more than masculine manners, who frequented it, didn't seem to like her, so by degrees, since she preferred it, he left her at home. She hated the bright, glaring light, having lived all her life in the grey softness of Scottish mists, and she sat long hours in the drawing-room behind the closed " perciennes " and the pale, lemon-coloured mosquito curtains. She loved strong scents, and had always about the room great vases of datura and of lilium auratum. Often she would have joss sticks burning too, insisting it was the only thing to keep the insects away, since she did not smoke.

He grew to loathe the reek of that room, and, as he came home smoking a good cigar, with the taste of the Club whisky still in his mouth, he would leave the door wide open, to bring a breath of fresh air into the " awful fug."

At first she sat about reading—there were plenty of books left about the house, mostly French novels in faded yellow covers, early " Gyp's " and still earlier Prevost's—then, when she had exhausted the supply, she took to embroidery—in the year of grace 1930, mind you—which worried him a lot.

When the other fellows asked him why his wife didn't come along, or what she did with herself all day, he hadn't, dash it, the face to answer " embroidery." She was working on a big square piece of white silk, making a great tiger on it, with a background of jungle; of hot, dark green foliage, in which were hiding a few scared small animals. It was an ambitious design, and it was to be made into a fire-screen. " So essential in India " he assured her. She became completely absorbed in it, hardly appearing at meals, forgetful even of giving orders, and of writing letters; shut up always in that dim room, stitching the tiger in immensely bright, strident colours. It was a sinister beast, with a sour, cynical face; the dark jungle behind seemed, as it grew daily thicker, to make it ever brighter, ever more intense and resplendent, almost glowering. A handsome brute. She certainly was a clever needlewoman, but it wasn't too good for her to be indoors all day—alone.

But was she alone? Could it be that she was perhaps not quite—always—alone with her work all through those sleepy afternoons, when he was playing bridge or poker—was someone perhaps with her? But who? All the men were on duty, or at the Club, or were plain, middle-aged, snugly married men for whom she could not care. Perhaps a native? She was new to India; she might not yet have realized colour barriers acutely, and some of the syces were darned good-looking? His suspicions grew, yet he took no one into his confidence. Until one day his doubts and jealousies rose up within him in the middle of a broiling afternoon. He had over-eaten at lunch, bridge was over-dull; so he left the table suddenly, complaining of the heat and of a splitting headache, to walk home. The

sun was a furnace upon his head, even through his topee, the climb home none too pleasant.

As he neared the house, it looked still and cool; its whiteness and silence mocked his noisy haste as he sweated up towards it; the closed shutters blinked, as though annoyed at having their repose disturbed. He barged into the hall, and on into the drawing-room, feeling uncomfortable, almost guilty. His wife was in her accustomed place on her armless chair, but when his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he saw she was not as usual bending over her work. She was lying back, completely relaxed and passive, her head fallen to one side, her eyes closed, her mouth half open: asleep; and alone. He stood in the silence, which was broken only by the ticking of the big alabaster clock on the mantle-piece, and listened to her quiet breathing, to her sleep. Her work lay on her knees, finished: the needle no longer clung to it by a thread, but was run, empty, into the canvas. The last ball of orange wool lay beside it. The tiger was perfect, its eyes, its tail, its claws, all its remoter parts completed.

He looked around the room, which was cool and empty, then back to the chair where she sat. He was fascinated by her repose, staring at her until he felt magicked and caught up; he felt, could it be? as though he were becoming implicated in her dreams. Certainly the tiger was no longer a piece of cross-stitched sewing; it lay across her, covering her, its head on her breasts, its yellow eyes fixed upon her face, beating the floor with its stiff tail rhythmically, its whole body swaying as though in ecstacy—and hers with it. Its tongue caressed her bare neck; the noise of its purring filled the whole room. Neither she nor it acknowledged his existence: though her eyes seemed wide open now, it was at the tiger, not at her husband, that she was gazing; their unawareness made him feel alone and remote; for, though he could watch their every movement, they were ignorant of his presence; their imperception made him

feel very far away: all the distance of an unknown dimension lay between his reality and theirs. He had strayed by chance into a mind whose very mode of being was foreign and strange to him, and their negation of him made him feel utterly helpless, unpleasantly unreal, although his consciousness asserted the while that the unreality was theirs, not his. He dared not step forward, lest he step into their world and be entrapped therein, for around and about them was a jungle in whose mazed and tangled undergrowth he would surely lose both himself and them; once across their frontiers, he would be a prisoner unable to escape. He knew, as he always knew in dreams, that this was a dream, and that he would awake, could he but wholly convince himself of this fact. If only he could get hold of something tangible—concrete; he struggled hard to touch himself, but his hands refused the message of his brain. With a mighty effort he turned round to look at the time. Four o'clock, he thought, inconsequently. He looked back to the chair again, half fearfully, yet knowing the nightmare over; his wife was waking; as she stretched herself, sleepily, the finished embroidery slipped from her knees to the floor.

The tiger was returned to its canvas, the room empty of its presence; for the hum of its purring was only the ticking of the clock. "Ring for tea, darling," she said, yawning.

Three Kinds of War

By Viscount Lymington

A VERY eminent visitor was met by a 1912 Benz and motored through the 70,000-acre estate of a great landowner in South Germany. He was driven to luncheon at the Schloss, where a large house party was awaiting him. The hospitality was bountiful and entirely home-grown, including very excellent wine. After luncheon the host, turning to his distinguished guest, offered him an Havana cigar which he had sent his son to fetch from a box in the storeroom. To his other guests he offered nothing. The host's eye had a twinkle.

"I see your Excellency is wondering at my manners. But I have lived always among my peasants and learned from them that when times are bad it is better not to buy things that are not necessities, and instead of selling to the Jews at ruinous prices to live self-clothed and fed. So now my people are happy and employed, my forests are ordered, my buildings repaired, my crops supply me, and there is plenty. Save for taxation I have no financial troubles. For it was Epictetus who said, in effect, there are two kinds of miseries—those we can control and those we cannot. Let us turn our attention to those we can control."

* * * * *

There are two methods of arriving at a plan of action. The first is the postulating of an ideal regardless of experience and working to achieve that ideal regardless of experience. This is called "The Scientific Method." It may be used to define frontiers as in the Treaty of Versailles, or to draw up paper constitutions as in the League of Nations.

The other method in politics is to derive a principle from an infinite variety of experience, and having achieved sufficient knowledge from the past, apply it in conscious direction to the future. This is the inductive method. Though this has been forgotten it is called

"Toryism" in politics. It is the only hope of achieving progress that is not eventually hoist with its own petard.

There is a third course which is no method at all, that of anarchy in the political control of economics which leaps to exploit each new product of man's ingenuity regardless of human needs. This is called "Economic Progress."

An incursion of the first or scientific method into politics is capable of more or less temporary harm only. Thus the reforms of *Aknahten* failed without destroying Egyptian life or culture. Thus also when the *Shogun Yesasu* saw the destructive influence of Christianity based, not on Japanese racial needs, but Western theory, he kept the proud integrity of his country's civilization for 280 years. To do so he did not grudge 2,000,000 of his people's lives.

But when the scientific method in politics is allied to that anarchy known as economic progress the danger lies not in temporary difficulties of this or that generation, but in the very root destruction of civilization itself. This danger is the child of modern liberalism. It has remade modern Europe by drawing frontiers on non-existant ethnographies and reinforced them by plebiscites log rolled for non-existant democracies.

This is not the place now to recapitulate the Treaty of Versailles nor to review the use and abuse of reparations. But it is worth while recognizing that in order to define frontiers the reconstituted nations have developed an intense nationalism which must make, as each year goes by, any peaceful solution of, for example, the Polish Corridor or the Transylvanian frontier doubly difficult.

None had the courage to tackle these in the years of flux following 1918. Now everything hardens without in any way making the tension less. Probably the chances of remoulding are gone but those of breakage increase. At the same time the intense necessity of making secure the insecurable has led to a nervous self-sufficient nationalism. Add to that the debt of reparations

in those countries which had mainly wiped out their capital, the war debts of the allied countries, and the reconstruction loans to Central Europe, and you then have as a result the artificial foisting of mass production (economic progress) on populations and areas totally unfitted for it. For every small country arranges, in order to defend itself, mass production which can only thrive on exports or which can only survive its debts by export. International finance of uncontrolled capitalism is at cross-purposes with liberalistic nationalists.

Thus, while it is impossible to assign exact categories to the probable 25,000,000 unemployed in the world, perhaps three-quarters are in the export trade or trades ancillary to export. The shipbuilding of the world, the iron and steel trade of the Ruhr and Northern France, Great Britain and the U.S.A., and textiles from Lodz to Manchester all tell the same story.

Thus to fiery race hatreds one has added the fuel of export depression which no amount of free trade could alter, while uncontrolled " economic progress " is allowed. For there are three sorts of war. There is the police war to preserve law and order when anarchy overtakes a district such as Manchuria or the North-West Frontier. There is the war between nations with bloodshed of whole peoples. There is the economic war of export.

The first is often necessary. It is what the pacifist calls Imperialism.

The second is sometimes inevitable in the clash of cultures, the overflow of populations, or the rectification of international mistakes. The third when it does not lead to war by bloodshed is yet the most dangerous and the meanest in spirit of the three. For it means starvation and despair for the workless, and the madder and madder speed in mass production cutting away the happiness, the employment and the roots of a people in order to undersell the world. If this were not so Germany should be the happiest nation in Europe for she exports the most to pay for reparations and borrowed capital.

No one who has seen Germany could say that she was happy, however differently they tell the tale in other things.

The logical end to this is the destruction of instinct and stamina and the growth of Communism which is the materialist's well-meaning effort to control material. Politics which do not control economics, judging by all human experience, end either in the opposite tyranny of Communism, or bankruptcy anarchy and the dark ages. In the days before transport and communication had unified the finance and industry of the world without solving the needs of human beings ruin and anarchy were localized. Thus even a war by a Marlborough affected little more than the path of armies. Nationalism, the conscious, self-defensive instinct of human groups, was not active, but passive, for obstacles of time and space made change in culture imperceptible. To-day the opposite obtains and the latest devices of production must become the standard of all nations surviving whether or no it serves the people who must serve it.

The recent method of settling international difficulties has been (i) to advocate world Free Trade in the face of world contraction of trade and high tariffs; (ii) to advocate the disarmament of Europe's policemen without removing the causes of disturbance; (iii) to postpone the issues in (i) and (ii) by appointing commissions of experts whose reports could be written by any one of common sense long beforehand; (iv) to cover up the failures in (i), (ii) and (iii) by the lowest common denominator of agreement, namely, lip service to Geneva.

But the most serious feature in post-war diplomacy has been that secret diplomacy has been used to postpone while open diplomacy has steadily been used to accentuate differences. Thus the grant of loans by certain creditors has been tacitly conditional on no alteration in the Treaty of Versailles, but any hopeful change like the Hoover moratorium has been emasculated by the arousing of popular passion in France and Germany.

Is there any hope that the ever-hardening problems can be solved by a return to acting on inductive method, the organic method from which we departed in favour of liberal theories? Or must we await the inevitable explosion and build up painfully in the centuries that follow all that we have so lightheartedly destroyed in the last few lustres?

What remains to guide us is bitter experience, the sound instinct of an only half-destroyed peasantry, and the patent breakdown of international finance. Thus the new nationalism is learning that even to enjoy its fruits an unreasonable frontier rancour is a failure. Debtors are learning that big loans mean long hours. Some creditors are learning that the control of Europe by political loans leaves the debtors with the happy alternative of repudiation of debts or a revision of political treaties.

And debtor and creditor alike are learning that peasant philosophy of working within your means, which makes for stability, and this not least they have learned from Reparations. This brings us back to my opening paragraph. The peasant system of economy is, after all, the wisest for it deals with those miseries we can control. How can it apply to Europe?

Here one will be told that cartels can control these. But cartels, like the League, can take no sanctions; and they are against the principle of protection which should be used to secure the balanced healthy life of a nation. Instead of international cartels there must be a unit large enough to be self-supporting in essentials and small enough to be able to dispense with international finance, to control somehow or other its economic future and at the same time to be able to develop to the standard of its highest sections. The reasons for this are to stop the export war which is leading to worklessness and anarchy, and to substitute conscious national development of old cultures, which are now being obliterated in favour of anti-Christ whose God is the Conveyor Belt. Since the

culture of the medieval European town is going down before industrialism the only surviving instinct of lasting civilization is to be found in the land.

Cincinnatus can lead the way where Geneva has failed. There are, generally speaking, five great industrial areas in the Western hemisphere. In the East Russia, where the Communist, the materialist, is already in control of material; in the West the U.S.A., where the materialists under the control of mass-producing captains of industry are rapidly approaching the same end, French Rhineland and Northern France, North Germany, and Great Britain. In the last three named the spirit of America which has entered Russia has greatly increased the tempo and the rationalization process. But they are not yet completely Americanized. Germany has had to be rationalized largely in order to undersell in the export market for Reparation's sake. France has had new equipment complete as a result of the war's destruction of old plant. But Great Britain, by her innate conservatism, by her industrial leaders' slowness to combine in selling, and by the appalling uncertainty of a free trade home market, has based herself less on maximum output and minimum employment than any other industrial area. She is now reaping rewards by the virtues of her defects.

But in all this the two great things to be realized are that at the western end of Europe stands France, the most solid and most prosperous bulwark against Bolshevism, and at the other end of Europe stands Russia, probably the most solid, and within measurable distance becoming the most dangerous military nation in Europe. Italy is at present strong and well organized but uncertain, because for the time being her existence depends upon one man. This being so, however much France may be a difficulty in the settlement of the peace of Europe, a prosperous France held together and self-supporting by her peasantry is still necessary as a bulwark against Bolshevism.

But of the five Powers three are self-supporting—France, Russia and America. Modern Germany fails to meet the food requirements of 20,000,000 of her people. Great Britain fails to be self-supporting by 50 per cent. of her livestock supplies and 80 per cent. of her milling cereals. The material and moral danger of Russia most people throughout the world recognize. The material danger of the U.S.A.'s competition and her restless, rootless civilization in industry, literature, films and music are just as dangerous as Russia and as anti-traditional. We should not leave these things unchecked when they overflow the borders of their land of origin. Once the policy of dwelling always on exports and on foreign loans for social or capital developments is abandoned the virtual sealing-off of Russia and America should not be hard. Protection should be kept as the proper asepsis for healthy national organism. Naturally there will always be common-sense exchange among all nations of certain necessities lacking in one or another. For we seldom entertain angels unaware, but it is a wise statesman who can smell brimstone on his visitors.

There remains, then, the problem of two unself-supporting industrial countries and one self-supporting country : the French and British Empires and Germany.

France is not only self-supporting but abundantly occupied in the development of her colonial empire. She is a peasant nation with all the virtues and parochialism of a peasant in her periodic incursions into *Welt politik*. And as such she is eminently fitted to stand alone.

Great Britain, in spite of disintegration, is the hub of her Empire, strengthened lately rather than weakened by the slump in the Dominions and the menace of the Japanese in the Pacific. Her destiny obviously bids her look outwards to become self-supporting. But she is weakened by a naval strength barely sufficient for imperial police work and a proximity to the Continent which makes the Channel a poor moat of defence. Half a century of planned emigration and restored agriculture

will hardly serve to give her a healthy balance between land and factory. Therefore the health of her neighbours and the survival of occidental civilization through the peasant States of Europe is vital to her.

Can Germany be made the nucleus of a self-supporting unit between France and Russia? Roughly speaking, this was true before the war. The Prussian Empire was the military ruler of Northern Europe. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was the most delicate unity in balance of power that could have been devised. In Germany the Government was, save for the Polish underdog, perhaps the best example of benevolent autocracy obtainable. In Austria, while each nation and each group of magnates were played off against each other, every nation managed within the boundary to live in peace and some prosperity and, above all, to keep their own national traditions. The great tragedy of European post-war settlements was the breaking-up of this Empire. Admittedly the Governments of *Mittel Europa* were not perfect and bore more hardly on some than others, both classes and nations. No general ruling of old intensely developed peoples can be perfect. But the price of trying to remedy those imperfections has been double the price of security and peace under the old regime. The Princeton goose could not see that what he imagined was sauce for himself could possibly be sauce for the cygnets of Trianon.

Before the war, however, Germany had a colonial empire which sufficed, together with exports and a highly-organized home agriculture, to feed herself. The colonial empire has gone. The export war is what we wish to avoid. But before the war the Austro-Hungarian Empire was one of the granaries of Europe. Its several nations to-day are facing ruin because of the export war in corn.

Now if we exclude Scandinavia, which has built up an agricultural export system based on the British market (this must be a matter of separate adjustment), we find that the 20,000,000 whom Germany cannot feed

for herself can be fed fairly easily by the corn-producing peasant States. By these I mean Roumania, Poland, Hungary, who can also feed Austria and Czechoslovakia. The Balkan States and Italy form a separate, but interdependent, problem for which there is not space here.

In a group of States which have sufficient mineral and timber we can take feeding-stuffs as our main consideration. Thus while there are naturally annual variations, one finds on exploring the reports of the International Year Books on agriculture from Rome and the Stanford University of Canada, that the peasant States can meet the requirements of Germany and Czechoslovakia. Wheat is nearly level. Rye and oats are a surplus. Barley and maize are short. But to meet increases in population and standards of living the potentialities of increased production are very large.

The growing effort at concerted action in grain export between Poland, Roumania and Hungary from the Conference of Sinaia in 1929 to the International Wheat Conference in London last year underlines this fact just as it threatens to emphasize the present dangers. For in effect their proposals amount to a combined effort at a wheat export war by the peasant cereal States against the collectivized cereal States. They threaten to substitute international dumping for national dumping.

This, then, is our problem. The foregoing judgment may be wrong and the situation may be capable of clearing itself up by international bankers working with the League of Nations in an ever larger degree to put world interests before race development. It may be best for one nation to be ironmongers, another collectivized cereal farmers, and yet another cotton spinners, trusting always that international planning and the relentless force of economic progress will organize an ideal robot world.

But nothing in Europe or America points to this solution. All the lessons of the past which we have disregarded point to progress by development of race

with sanity in regulating intercourse of culture, trade or war.

If we are to preserve a Western race development vital to our own future, in face of all the means of modern communication, our statesmen must see their purpose clearly. For we are island enough to see the whole in detachment; we are European enough to see the need for leadership. It is as little use waiting for something to turn up that will save us the trouble of acting, as it is acting, unless we can act effectively. But the rest of Europe is waiting for us. The anæmia of fourteen years has done its work in Middle Europe. America is facing her own despairs and France is wounded by a boomerang of her own throwing. We, foremost among the nations, by basing our objective on the experience of the past and the soil of Europe can give hope to what Disraeli called real or foreign politics.

The First Supper

By Jan Struther

AT the First Supper
The guests were but one :
A maiden was the hostess,
The guest her son.

At the First Supper
No candles were lit :
In darkness hay-scented
They both did sit.

At the First Supper
No table was spread :
In the curve of her elbow
She laid his head.

At the First Supper
They poured no wine :
On milk of the rarest
The guest did dine.

She held him very closely
Against her breast,
Her fair one, her dear one,
Her darling guest ;

She held him very closely,
Guessing that this
Is the last that any mother
May know of bliss.

Parodies

By Hugh Kingsmill

III. Joseph.

(From "Eminent Egyptians." *By L–tt–n Str–ch–y.*)

WITH our present information, it would be injudicious to assert that the popular account of the meeting between Joseph and his brothers conforms rather too closely to the exigencies of poetic justice to be accepted as a reliable report of what did, indeed, actually happen. But need we accept this account without any reservations? Are we not entitled, are we not, perhaps, even compelled, to ask whether the stupendous, the incredible, moment when the First Minister of Egypt declared himself to his shepherd brothers was really led up to with as little management as is usually supposed? Must we indeed believe that, had as much been left to chance as the story in its present form implies, the situation would have worked itself out quite so smoothly, quite so completely, quite so in accordance with the—may one say?—theatrical fitness of things? Where it is injudicious to assert, it is still permissible to suggest: and the following considerations may, possibly, be of interest to those minds which find a rarer satisfaction in tracing the ambiguous convolutions of reality than in reposing on the comfortable simplifications of romance.

If we take the trouble to examine our general impression of Joseph's character, we shall make a rather startling discovery. The ex-convict, the member of an outcast desert tribe, whose infinitely patient, and infinitely discreet, manipulation of men and circumstances elevated him to the position of virtual ruler over the proudest and most powerful of States, is entirely overshadowed in our imagination by the naïve boy of seventeen. Do we, when we think of Joseph, see the subtle autocrat with drooping eyelids and immobile face, moving in unheeding majesty down the long lane of beseeching suppliants? Or, do we

not rather see a foolish, charming boy, parading before his envious brothers an ill-fitting parti-coloured jacket, stitched by a doting father with a hand that trembled in the last agitations of affection and the first approaches of senility? Do we not see a flushed excited face, gazing in bewilderment at the bitter and menacing expressions evoked by those two dreams which foretold, with an absolute exactness, the incredible elevation of the dreamer and the utter prostration of his listeners? And, in the contemplation of these visions, are we not apt to forget that, between this youth and the master of a great empire, a single incident had placed an impassable barrier: the incident of the well? For the Joseph whom his exacerbated brothers lowered into the well was, in very truth, an entirely different person, in everything but the indestructible substratum of character, from the Joseph whom, at Judah's suggestion, they pulled out again.

What had happened? What influence was it, or what revelation, which had worked, in a moment, as it were, so drastic, so far-reaching, so durable a change? We all know where truth is hidden. Was it truth, then, which Joseph found at the bottom of the well? Well, perhaps hardly that. Truth is not a commodity which a politician —even in his most embryonic stage—would be likely to recognize, if he happened to stumble on it. No, it was not Truth which Joseph found: it was something else; something less recondite, something much more useful: it was Tact.

When Joseph emerged from the well, he was no less conscious of his superior abilities than when he descended into it. But he had divested himself, very completely, of all immediate desire to proclaim them. That the sun and the moon and the stars would, one day, make obeisance to him, of that he was still assured. That his sheaf would stand upright, while the sheaves of his brothers bowed before it—oh! that was no mere dream. That was God's promise. That, in the fullness of time,

would be his revenge. But before others would bow to him—how clearly he now saw it!—he must first bow to others. Before he could straighten his back, he must learn to curve it. Before he could place his foot on the neck of his enemies, he must stretch his own neck, adroitly, assiduously, complacently, beneath the foot of the knave, the fool, and the oppressor.

A lesson, speedily learned, is apt to be forgotten with equal speed. But it was not so with Joseph. One error in judgment, one misapplication of his suddenly acquired wisdom, is indeed to be noted against him: but only one. Failing, in his youthful inexperience, to take into account the most disturbing, the most subversive, of all forces, Joseph employed with Lady Potiphar the same supple tact, the same quick adaptation of his mood to the mood of a superior, the same eager submissiveness, the same unwearied smiling zeal, which had won her husband. The lady—one can hardly blame her—misunderstood Joseph. Joseph—no doubt one should applaud him—refused to understand the lady. The sequel is well known. In a terrible scene, a scene of passionate entreaty and searing contempt, of tears dried by wild laughter, and laughter shrilling into screams, Joseph learnt his second lesson. What that lesson was, it is easy to infer from his subsequent career. The pursuit of power has frequently been found to be quite compatible with an occasional divagation into the region of sentiment. But the history of Joseph is entirely innocent of the kind of episode which is wont to diversify, not unagreeably, the arid records of political ambition. He did, indeed, marry; but there are several varieties of marriage. There is the marriage of impulse and passion: there is also the marriage of calculation and self-interest. And one may, perhaps, be excused from placing in the former category the alliance which Joseph, shortly after emerging from prison, was so fortunate as to arrange between himself and the daughter of the most eminent ecclesiastic in the Egyptian hierarchy.

But—one hears the objection—how are Joseph's audacious incursions into the nebulous territory of dreams to be reconciled with the view of him as preternaturally prudent? Surely, it may be urged, a man of merely ordinary discretion would hesitate to stake his career on his ability to predict from the shifting and ambiguous symbolism of dreams the accidents of individual or national fortune. It is difficult not to agree. It is even more difficult to suppose that Joseph ever hazarded his destiny on the findings of a faculty which operated out of his control; in, as it were, a mystical vacuum. Persons engaged in the business of forecasting future events, palmists, casters of horoscopes, oneiromantists, are not—so at least one understands—averse from basing their predictions on the secure foundation of a detailed acquaintance with the careers and preoccupations of their clients. Sometimes, it is true, they are precluded by circumstances from acquainting themselves with the necessary particulars; and it has been noticed that on these occasions their powers of divination are seriously impaired. Joseph, however—it is one more indication of his predominant characteristic—never permitted himself to be involved in a predicament of this nature. It is abundantly obvious that, when the chief butler and the chief baker submitted to his consideration the doubtful imagery of their uneasy slumbers, Joseph had already formed, from the gossip of the prison, and the confidential relaxations of the prison's governor, a comprehensive view of the relation of each of these functionaries to his royal master. It was not their dreams which Joseph interpreted to these officials: it was the carefully-explored probabilities of their respective situations.

Nor, still more obviously, did Joseph arrive at the secret of Pharoah's uneasiness after an anxious comparison of the possible significances implicit in the fat kine and the lean kine, the good ears and the blasted ears, of that monarch's troubled repose. Joseph, when he was invited to elucidate the perplexities of the royal

dreamer, had been twelve years in Egypt. Twelve years is a considerable period of time. A great deal can be learnt in twelve years, when the learner happens to be a man of insight and observation. It is, surely, paying Joseph a very poor compliment to suppose that he was not familiar, long before the royal summons, with the dominant anxiety of a ruler intelligent enough to foresee disaster, but insufficiently energetic to avert it. Or, are we really to believe that Joseph could assist himself only through the baffling medium of another man's dreams to the realization that the cycle of good and bad harvests would continue to repeat itself, as long as plenty produced the fatuous lethargy of repletion, and famine the empirical imbecilities of panic and despair?

If there is no compulsion on us to believe anything of the kind; if, on the contrary, every indication we possess suggests that Joseph's essays in divination furnish yet another proof of the care with which, in all his enterprises, he narrowed the element of chance to its irreducible minimum, we are left with a very curious problem on our hands. The culminating triumph of Joseph's life, the poignant, the ineffable, moment, which crowned his long patience, which healed his deepest wound—we all know what *that* was. Yet, if we are to accept the popular account, Joseph, with an inexplicable frivolity, committed to the agency of chance the indispensable preliminaries of his own vindication. The sedulous manipulator relaxed his hand at the supreme moment: the artist in adjustment failed to observe that there was anything which required to be adjusted. Had it not occurred to Jacob, already far advanced in his second century, to remind his sons that there was corn in Egypt, the reunion between Joseph and his brothers—we are asked to believe—would not have taken place. But that is not all. The draft on our credulity is not yet exhausted. We must also believe that it was at the instance of the timid and querulous patriarch himself, that his ten sons abandoned him with no other support

and protection than the support and protection of the youthful Benjamin could afford. It may have been so, of course. Nothing, perhaps, is too improbable to happen. Yet why—the question imposes itself irresistibly—did he send *all* ten sons? Why did he not retain five, or four, or three? Why did he not retain even two? The answer—the only possible answer, surely—is that the ordering of the matter was in very different hands from Jacob's. Ten shepherds, occupants of a remote Canaan homestead—the master of Egypt spoke, and his confidential agent listened attentively—were to appear before him by a certain date. So much we may infer. The rest is in the region of speculation.

How was it managed? By what inducements were all ten brothers persuaded to leave their venerable and agitated parent? It was essential to Joseph's plan that there should be no premature revelations of the secret of his identity. And yet—can we not imagine him reflecting?—if one of his brothers were admitted into his confidence, how much more smoothly, how much more surely, would the enterprise work itself out to its predestined consummation! One of his brothers? But which one? Reuben? Reuben was an excellent fellow. Reuben had not been present when—the First Minister of Egypt frowned. Yes, Reuben had a good heart. What a pity he hadn't a head to match! Judah? Ah! that was another matter! Judah had brains. It was Judah's instinct for compromise which—the First Minister frowned again. Yes, he need not look beyond Judah. Judah would do what he was told to do; Judah would say what he was required to say; Judah would find the necessary arguments to persuade his brothers. Yes, Judah would do. He would do very nicely.

The First Minister smiled: and his confidential agent, who had been watching his face with discreet attention, leaned expectantly forward. . . .

Mr. Wells Surveys Mankind*

By Arnold Lunn

"THIS book," writes Mr. Wells, "is intended to be a picture of all mankind to-day, a picture of living mankind, active, working, spending, making and destroying." And again, "We seek here to give all the activities in one crowded picture. And further, as our show goes on, we shall put and seek an answer to certain questions that arise naturally out of this spectacle. What sustains all this world-wide activity? Why do these millions live as they do? What are the various manners of living, and what are the motives that lie beneath these various manners of living?"

The vast range of this ambitious work may be indicated by a bleak list of chapter headings, which are as follows :—

> *How Man Became an Economic Animal. How Man has Learnt to Think and Gain a Mastery over Force and Matter. The Conquest of Distance. The Conquest of Hunger: How Mankind is Fed. The Conquest of Climate: How Mankind is Clothed and Housed. How Goods are Bought and Sold. How Work is Organized. Why People Work. How Work is Paid for and Wealth Accumulated. The Rich, the Poor, and their Traditional Antagonism. The Rôle of Women in the World's Work. The Governments of Mankind and their Economic and Military Warfare. The Numbers and Qualities of Mankind. The Overflowing Energy of Mankind. How Mankind is Taught and Disciplined. The Outlook of Mankind.*

The intelligent reader will find a clue to Mr. Wells' dearest ambition in the interesting section in which Mr. Wells describes the rôle of the ideal encyclopædia, which has yet to be written. Mr. Wells clearly aspires to be for this generation what Diderot was for the eighteenth, the King of Encyclopædists. He has magnificent qualifications for this task. Even those who disagree vigorously with his judgments of values must concede that Mr. Wells is, in the main, very accurate on questions of

* *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind.* By H. G. Wells. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

fact. I am unshaken in my confidence even by the somewhat disconcerting discovery that he has written a very misleading paragraph on the one subject on which I may claim expert knowledge—ski-ing. The only other slip which I managed to detect was a statement to the effect that a registered medical practitioner is restrained from suing for his fees by his professional organization. This restriction, I believe, applies only to Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians.

Of the three encyclopædic works which Mr. Wells has written, some with and some without the assistance of collaborators, the present volume is certainly not the least interesting, and it is certainly the most mature and most balanced, and the most comprehensive. No other writer has as yet attempted to assimilate and compress within the covers of a single volume so wide a range of facts concerning the work and wealth of mankind.

I cannot help being impressed by the change of tone between the first and the third of Mr. Wells' encyclopædic works. "The Outline of History" was spoilt by the obtrusion of his more violent prejudices, which found their way into almost every chapter, prejudices against royalty, against aristocracy, against those things which are associated with aristocracy, such as the possession of arms and a classical education.

Of his more violent phobias, the hatred of royalty alone intrudes itself into this volume. He cannot even discuss money without bringing in King Charles's head. "There is perhaps hardly a reader of this book who has not at some time stood on the threshold of a room devoted to numismatics—and turned away from that awful vista of yards and yards of idealized royal profiles and symbolized pretensions . . . Almost always, when a monarchy existed, one side of the current coin, at least, has been given over to the advertisement of the reigning prince. It was more than a little absurd that the pound which was at least used by the British only for foreign trade should carry such advertisement matter."

Let us be thankful that a monarchical government continues to advertise the monarchical principle. Most of our present troubles are due to the feebleness of Conservative and to the effectiveness of Communist propaganda. God bless the penny piece and penny stamps, and long may they continue to advertise monarchy and to retard the advent of the first President of the British Republic.

In many other respects, Mr. Wells seems to be growing more mellow with his advancing years, readier to allow for the possibility that he is not infallible and that those who disagree with him are not necessarily fools. It is pleasant to find Mr. Wells admitting that the mediæval Schoolmen, "who wrangled through the centuries were doing a very indispensable work, too little appreciated by this contemporary world of ours—which indeed could never have existed without their wrangling."

He has even a good word to say for bankers. "We do not believe that any large proportion of bankers are plotting to keep the world poor. There is a number of honestly perplexed men among them, men who are dismayed and distressed by the turn things are taking." But perhaps the fact that Mr. Wells has sold, including translations, two million copies of his "Outline of History," has helped him to discover some of the advantages which society receives from the existence of the rich.

> Right down to the present it is to the free rich that men of originality have had to turn to realise a great multitude of projects that would otherwise have lain dormant; explorations, great laboratories, bold innovations in apparatus, which made no appeal to the common voter or the political boss. The enormous debt of the world to Mr. J. D. Rockefeller alone, is a powerful argument against any too hasty conclusion that the great lumps of riches in the social organism are essentially or even mainly morbid growths . . . It is not simply in the field of science that the rich have a reasonable claim to functional value. They have also played an as yet quite unassessed part in the development of the arts and the protection of intellectual freedoms. The free rich have been the informal protectors of

> free speech. A very considerable proportion of the more influential and less popular organs of critical and philosophical discussion are still subsidized by relatively rich people, and it is difficult to imagine how their practical independence could be sustained in any other way.

Mr. Wells would no doubt still describe himself as a Socialist, but he is no Communist, and he takes Mr. Shaw to task for his advocacy of the Communistic principle of equal pay for all. His criticism of Mr. Bernard Shaw is extremely shrewd; indeed, it is doubtful if that Puck-like character has ever been summed up with greater discernment.

> There is a marked strain of unresolved mysticism in the naturally very clear and critical mind of Shaw. It is an essentially scientific type of mind that has never undergone any mental discipline, it is a scientific mind that was found and brought up by musicians and artists, and it has been greatly depraved by his irresistible sense of fun and his unsurpassed genius for platform effect. His is a fine intelligence which is always going off on the spree. No man can be naturally energetic all round, something everyone must take for granted, and Shaw is no exception to this rule. His indolence is about fundamentals. He betrays an unwillingness to scrutinize the springs of his opinions, and these springs arise, more directly than is usual among minds of his calibre, from personal attachments and reactions."

"Indolence about fundamentals" explains Mr. Shaw's failure, for all his genius, to bequeath to the world one single constructive thought, one single positive contribution to the mental discoveries of his age. It is, for instance, impossible to conceive of Mr. Shaw producing anything as well-informed and as admirably thorough as Mr. Wells' chapters on "How Goods are Bought and Sold," "How Work is Organised," or "How Work is Paid For and Wealth Accumulated." Mr. Shaw's ignorance about fundamentals would have prevented him collating the necessary data, and his passion for irritating the orthodox would have robbed his survey of balance.

Mr. Wells, of course, has strong views on monetary problems, but he is content to refute where Mr. Shaw would have tried to burlesque, the views of traditional

economists. In his handling of one of the most perplexing of problems, the proper function of gold, Mr. Wells achieves a miracle of lucid compression. He is not only lucid but entertaining. "In the pre-war period," he writes, "the most remarkable merits were ascribed to this metal. It was pointed out that it is almost incorruptible chemically; it could not be forged or fabricated, it has a magnificent stupid honesty."

Mr. Wells exploits to the full the controversial possibilities of the contrast between over-production and want, the fact, that is, that millions are starving at the present moment while wheat is being burned in America because it does not pay to market it. "We men of science," Mr. Wells represents the scientists as saying, "have abolished toil and people are still toiling; we have created plenty and everywhere there is want. What has got between us and them? . . . *What the devil are you money-fakers up to?*"

Mr. Wells may be right in attributing some of our troubles to the Gold Standard and to the economic nationalism which is responsible for tariff barriers, but I am not convinced that he has diagnosed correctly the existing malady. I am, on the other hand, firmly persuaded that Mr. Wells' world super-state, for which he longs, would merely multiply our troubles. The present crisis is due, not to our failure to take Mr. Wells' advice in the past, or to our refusal to take his advice in the present, but, on the contrary, to the fact that politics have been infected by the views of Mr. Wells and his school. We are reaping to-day the crop which was sown in the 'nineties by the Fabians and the State Socialists. It is not private enterprise, or capitalism of the old type, but State Capitalism which has broken down.

Reparations are no doubt a contributory cause, but politicians who quote reparations as a complete and satisfactory explanation of a catastrophe for which politicians of all parties are largely responsible remind us of the enthusiasm with which the Bolshevists attributed all

their trouble to the blockade. Politicians in every country suffered from insanity after the war. They acted as if money was inexhaustible, and proceeded to spend sums vastly in excess of the national income. They continued to believe that the laws of arithmetic had been suspended in their favour. The present position of Germany is due far less to reparations than to the incredible sums of borrowed money poured out on municipal improvements, so-called rationalization and social services.

Trade barriers, again, may impede the flow of trade, but there is a good deal of nonsense talked on this subject. Nobody has yet succeeded in proving that the exchange of commodities between two countries is better for trade than the exchange of the same commodities between citizens of the same country. I cannot quite see why prosperity should be improved if a German buys an English gramophone and an Englishman buys a German gramophone, rather than if an Englishman buys an English gramophone and a German a German gramophone. I cannot see how we are better off for moving a gramophone from a manufacturer in Berlin to a consumer in London, rather than from a manufacturer in Birmingham to a consumer in London.

Contrast the situation of the United States with that of Europe. The United States is the largest Free Trade area in the world; yet the United States is suffering far more acutely from the present depression than Europe with all its multiplication of tariff barriers.

Surely the real lesson of the present crisis is that it is dangerous for Great Britain to place its prosperity at the mercy of its export trade. We should strive to be as economically independent as possible, and to link our fortunes, in so far as we must import, with our own people across the seas. An export trade which is at the mercy, not only of tariffs, but also of political and industrial revolutions in Europe or Asia, will always be highly precarious.

Mr. Wells' solution, a world super-state, only sounds

attractive because it has never been tried and exposed. What the world is suffering from to-day is a breakdown of government. One great country after another has found it impossible to maintain a civilized level of law and order. The gangster problem defies the ingenuity of the States; if Ireland repeals the emergency measures which the last government was forced to pass, the gunmen will return; the breakdown of government is responsible for the troubles in China, Spain, Mexico and many of the South American Republics. It is fantasy to suppose that a world super-state would solve the problems which have proved too difficult for the statesmanship of politicians entrusted with the government of a comparatively small area.

The fact remains that Mr. Wells has stated the case against the existing system with unusual effectiveness, and those chapters of his book which deal with the work and wealth of mankind should be distributed to every Conservative M.P. I distrust Mr. Wells' solution, but it is not enough to criticize his diagnosis. Unless conservatism can solve the most urgent problem of the day, "the economics of glut," Communism will exploit to its own advantage the contrast between plenty and starvation. Conservatism must have its own Five Years' Plan, and must not leave all planning and all propaganda to the Communists.

* * * * * *

But Mr. Wells is concerned not only with the work and wealth but also with the happiness of mankind. So far as work and wealth are concerned, Mr. Wells' survey has admirable quality, but I do not think he has faced up honestly to the real problem of happiness.

If the social improvements for which Mr. Wells is working are achieved, our children will be happier than our fathers in so far as a well-fed and well-housed animal is happier than an under-nourished and badly-housed animal. Man, however, differs from the brutes that perish because he requires other satisfactions than the

physical. True, there are millions who seem content to eat, drink and reproduce their species, but no thinking man feels at ease in the universe until he has satisfied himself that life is more than a futile re-arrangement of matter. Mr. Wells remains ignorant of the evidence for the greatest of all supernatural creeds, a creed which has proved itself capable of satisfying the deeper needs of mankind. He dismisses as trivial an aspect of human happiness far more fundamental than any explored in his book. "The trivialities of creed and controversy" he writes, "have, alas! estranged me from Mr. Belloc, to my infinite regret," but the issues which divide Mr. Wells and Mr. Belloc are fundamental, so fundamental that all the problems discussed in Mr. Wells' book are trivial indeed compared to the greater problem—*Utrum Deus Sit*—to which St. Thomas Aquinas and Mr. Belloc return one answer and Mr. Wells another.

The deification of science is no substitute for religion. Even Mr. Wells, for all his hostility to revealed religion, realizes that we must fall back on mysticism for "the innate inevitable faith in itself that every healthy conscious being must necessarily possess," to justify the conviction that life is worth while. "We are unable to believe," he writes, "that the universe that has evoked the will to live in us can be without will."

This is perilously near theism. Mr. Wells might, perhaps, reply that he is opposed not so much to the religious instinct as to dogmatic religion. Science, he tells us, "has never pretended to that finality which is the quality of religious dogmas. Science pits no dogmas against the dogmas of the ghost worshippers."

It is, however, difficult to see any difference between the dogmatic statement that evolution has been proved beyond dispute, a statement which you will find in "The Science of Life," and the dogmatic statement that Christ rose again on the third day from the dead. The only distinction between these two dogmas is that the former is considerably more difficult to prove than the latter.

Mr. Wells, in support of his scientific faith, employs methods which he would be the first to denounce were they employed by a mere theologian. Scientists with no prejudices on the subject would be the first to admit that the origin of man is still shrouded in mystery, and that the missing link continues to be missing. Nor need one be a scientist to see through Mr. Wells' device of presenting a brand new Latin name, *Hominidae*, for the race of ape-like men who disappeared from the earth without leaving any traces to justify Mr. Wells' faith in their existence. "And not only do we know now," writes Mr. Wells, "of other species of man, but we now know also of other genera of primates, *Hominidae* also, nearer to us than any ape, and yet not men in any sense of the word; such types as *Pithecanthropus*, the man-ape of Java, and *Sinanthropus*, the ape-man of Peking, manlike creatures below the tool-using level."

The uninformed reader would never suspect that *Pithecanthropus* was the name given to a thigh-bone, a few teeth and the small fragments of a skull. As for *Sinanthropus*, the latest addition to the literature of Pithecanthropomorphism, he is described on page 32 of Mr. Wells' book as an ape-man below the tool-using level. On page 53, however, we learn that just as the book was going to press, "shaped tools well above 'eolith' level and traces of fire have been found in close association with *Sinanthropus* remains."

It is perhaps just as well that Mr. Wells disclaims any finality for the scientific dogmas in which he believes. Even so, the promotion within a few pages of *Sinanthropus* from an ape to the ranks of skilled labour is rather rapid. Readiness to revise one's views is, however, a sign of greatness. Who knows? We may yet live to read an errata slip to Mr. Wells' thirtieth edition of the "Outline of History:" "As I go to press I learn that the Roman Pontiff is infallible when speaking *ex cathedra* on faith or morals."

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE most important event of the past month has undoubtedly been M. Tardieu's statement that the French Government is prepared for an exchange of views with Italy in the hope that this may lead to a settlement of the points at issue between the two countries. It is no exaggeration to say that this is the best piece of news that has been heard in international circles for many a long day, and it is one of the gravest charges against the late M. Briand that during the long period for which he held sway at the Quai d'Orsay he made no effort whatever to improve his country's relations with its Italian neighbour.

Unfortunately, there can be little doubt that M. Briand allowed himself to be influenced in this matter by the Grand Orient, which is in close touch with the *fuorusciti* in Paris, though there must also be taken into account the traditional attitude of French diplomacy towards United Italy, which is one of contempt. M. Tardieu is happily not subject to those sinister influences which have played so large a part in the history of the Third Republic, and he has now declared that internal politics must not be allowed to carry any weight so far as Franco-Italian relations are concerned. That he will meet with a ready response on the other side of the Alps goes without saying, for Signor Mussolini has never ceased to entertain the friendliest of feelings for France, the home of Georges Sorel, while it is notorious that Signor Grandi has always worked for a close understanding between the two Latin Powers.

The removal of the existing causes of friction will take time, but now that the will to remove them is there a settlement should be possible before the year is out, for it will not be more difficult than was the conclusion of the Anglo-French Entente. The gain to Europe that would result from a Franco-Italian agreement must be

obvious, even to those who know least of international affairs.

Aristide Briand

THE death of M. Briand followed so rapidly upon his retirement from politics that there can be little doubt that the two events were intimately connected. How much of his work, if any, will survive is doubtful, for he was essentially an improviser, and the achievements of such men are rarely permanent. He also suffered from the serious defect of being the finest orator in Europe, for the effect of even the greatest of speeches soon wears off, though the fact is never appreciated by the man who has made it. Above all, he was of the Left, and had been closely associated with the worst excesses of anti-clericalism, so that he could never allay the suspicions of the Nationalists, and so count upon the support of a united France, which was essential to success.

Furthermore, Briand was curiously blind to developments with which he did not sympathize. He did not like Fascism, so he shut his eyes to the revival of Italy under the rule of Signor Mussolini; similarly, he ignored Hitler, and placed his faith in the German Socialists, who proved to be a factor of declining importance. On the other hand, it is to his eternal credit that he was willing to discuss peace with the Austrian Emperor in 1917, and had he not been replaced at the critical moment at the Quai d'Orsay by the ineffable Ribot the war would, in all probability, have been shortened by eighteen months. It was Briand, too, who was largely instrumental in re-establishing diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See.

When all is said and done, Briand was a patriotic Frenchman according to his lights, and with relatively slender resources he made it possible for France to play a part in the affairs of Europe that she had not played since the days of Louis XIV. When one recollects the blunders

made by the statesmen of other countries, with an infinitely stronger backing, during the same period, it must be admitted that this was no small achievement.

The German Election

AS is usually the case where international politics are concerned, the larger part of the British Press has quite missed the point about the German Presidential election, for what matters is not the large number of votes given to Hindenburg, but those that were cast for Hitler. The President should now, it is true, be sure of election on the second ballot, but his Nazi opponent has increased his party's poll at the General Election of September, 1930, by some five millions.

It is quite clear that the bulk of the votes which went to Hindenburg came from the Social Democrats and the Centre, and in view of the coming Prussian elections on May 24, this is more than a little significant; the strength of these two parties is in Saxony and Bavaria, respectively, apart from Berlin, so that Hitler may do relatively a very great deal better in the Prussian, than at the Presidential, election. In any event, the fact is that the Nazis did not really expect to oust Hindenburg, but that they hope to get hold of Prussia, and the voting last month has confirmed them in the belief that they will not be disappointed on the 24th.

Whatever happens, Hitler is now so strong that Dr. Brüning cannot disregard his policy, though he will doubtless stress the *suaviter in modo* rather than the *fortiter in re* aspect of it. In short, whether we like it or not, a majority of Germans agree with the Nazi foreign policy. The main differences are as to means, not ends.

The Succession States

THE French proposal for the establishment of a Danubian federation, however excellent in itself, is an ironic commentary upon the peace settlement which so carefully provided for the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and established in its place a number

of States which have since proved to be too small to live and too large to die. What has happened, in short, is that economics have proved too strong for nationalism and we must set about undoing the work of Mr. Wickham Steed, Mr. Seton-Watson, *et hoc genus omne*. It is, of course, too early yet to discuss the merits of the French scheme, for the details have not been disclosed, but it clearly cannot be based upon a perpetuation of existing conditions in the area to which it is to be applied.

In the first place, the veto upon the restoration of the Archduke Otto, perhaps the gravest injustice of its kind in modern times, must be removed. It is not generally known in Western Europe that the Powers have for years forcibly prevented the people of Hungary from having their legitimate sovereign among them, and this in spite of the fact that the principle of self-determination was supposed to have been vindicated by the outcome of the war. Had the Hungarians wished to set up a republican regime no obstacle would, of course, have been put in their way; it is only monarchies which are regarded with disfavour at Geneva to-day.

Then, again, there will obviously have to be some readjustment of frontiers, and some fresh guarantees regarding the treatment of minorities. If the plan is merely to strengthen the position of the Little Entente it is doomed to failure from the start, for it will be regarded as neither more nor less than the corollary of the Peace Treaties, and opposed by the vanquished accordingly. The essential condition of success is a readiness to accept a modification of the present situation as the basis of the scheme.

The Spanish Tyranny

A SPANISH correspondent writes :—

"While a policy of hesitancy and toleration is being followed by the authorities towards those elements of the Left who have been convicted of subversive activity, the former conduct themselves in a tyrannical way

towards the Right. Don José Maria Urquijo, a well-known citizen of Bilbao of avowed Catholic and Conservative convictions, is still confined in a cold, damp cell after nearly seven weeks' imprisonment for no known cause; three young boys, the brothers Miralles, who were arrested at the beginning of January last on the suspicion that they were involved in a monarchist manifestation, are still confined, and their case untried.

"The official organ of the Confederación Nacional del Trabajo, the great Syndicalist organization, appeared a few days ago after having been suspended for a time, and in the first issue is an article which violently attacks the Government, and calls on all the various elements of the Left to unite for the struggle which is approaching. The great Conservative organ, *El Debate*, which was suppressed at the end of January, a few days before the publication of the decree dissolving the Jesuit order, is still suppressed by the Government.

"Meanwhile, the Cortes is displaying no anxiety to dissolve, although its mandate expired with the promulgation of the constitution. The electoral lists are being carefully falsified by the Socialists, who manage to have householders supplied with blank forms, which are then filled in with as many imaginary names as possible, for use on polling-day as required. Where this proves impossible, the forms containing the names of known adherents of the Right are destroyed after suborning the officials through whose hands they pass. When these preliminary arrangements have been made, the expurgated electoral lists will be published, and after that the members of the Cortes will no doubt feel happier in facing their constituents."

One Thing and Another

By J. B. Morton

[*This month I have selected further extracts from the diary kept by Miss Agnes Fiddington.*]

February 19th.—Paul Chabrac, a Frenchman whom I met when I was in Paris with my father, has come to London for a holiday. It is his first visit, and he has asked me to show him round. "I am expecting a very gay time," he said, "as I learn from your newspapers that the whole world is coming to England just now, and that nobody at all goes near the Riviera." This he said with rather a satirical smile. "We are all told," I said, "that it is unpatriotic to go abroad this year." "Precisely," he said, "I noticed on my way to London in the train that all your newspapers agree that the Riviera is empty. But then look at this." He produced a French paper, and showed me a long list of names of visitors to the resorts of the Riviera. There were also pictures of crowds, casinos and festive promenades. Very many of the names were the usual English ones. "Propaganda, I expect," he said, and winked at me. I felt rather angry at not being able to give any kind of answer.

February 21st.—Paul said he wanted to dine in one of the big new hotels, so we chose one, and went to it. "We must be very early," he said, as we came into the deserted lounge, and passed across vast rooms towards the restaurant. A French head-waiter received us in the doorway. There were four couples besides ourselves; all well-known film-stars from America. An English waiter attended us, and before we had ordered anything, began to recommend a colonial wine. "That's a particularly silly thing to do to a Frenchman," Paul said to me. At that moment the orchestra struck up, and the music echoed queerly in the great almost-empty room. Shortly afterwards a party of four came in. "Now they're beginning to arrive," said Paul. They sat down quite

near us, and to my amazement I heard the elder of the two men explaining to the waiter that he and his party were the permanent guests of the management. Then I recognized the other man as a well-known amateur sportsman, who is written about by gossip-writers almost every day, as having been seen dining in this hotel.

February 21st.—Wherever I go now I find people playing the new game "Questionnaire." It seems to be taking the place of crossword puzzles. But it is much less of a strain, because you don't have to use dictionaries and encyclopædias for the answers. There was a long letter in the *Times* a few days ago, imploring people to play the game, and not to spoil their papers by writing nonsense in answer to the questions. Apparently the London School of Economics and the B.B.C. have been deluged with facetious replies to a recent questionnaire. Joan has quite a collection, which she fills up and sends to politicians and other notorieties. She has a beauty from the R.S.P.C.A., asking the age, colour, breed, habits and past record of her dog, and another from the British Israelites,demanding various measurements of the rooms in the house. The first she intends to send to Sir John Simon and the second to the Empire Marketing Board. Meanwhile, I hear that the game of "Questionnaire" has been made compulsory at most of the schools.

February 22nd.—I had a short note from Paul Chabrac, telling me that he is returning to France.

February 25th.—Joan and several of her friends have gone in lately for what seems to me to be rather a childish joke. They all pretend they are almost penniless, and talk among themselves as though they believed it. They keep talking about going to the pit at the theatre, but they never seem to do it, and they write each other letters on cheap foreign notepaper. I stood it as long as I could, but the other day, while she was telling me that she has given up lunch, and was thinking of having a bun sent in every day, the butler came in to say that the car was

outside. I said to her, "Joan, if ever you were as hard hit as you pretend, you'd sell the car." And she answered, "The trouble with you, Agnes, is that you're so damned serious. We're not absolutely broke, of course." "Then why pretend you are?" I asked. "Patriotism, I suppose," she said. "You're so horribly earnest, Agnes. You ought to have been a young, eager clergyman, running a man's club, and chalking cues for friendless sailors down in the East India Dock Road. You hate your own kind of people. You despise everyone who plays the fool. My child, you give me a pain." I walked home through the park, and felt the Spring breaking everywhere, and thought of the crocuses on the lawn at Abbot's Pudding. Perhaps I was never meant for a London life.

February 26th.—Two people in front of me at the theatre were talking about a recent meeting at Geneva. The man said: "Then Simon got up, and the more he cried the more they all laughed."

February 27th.—At dinner the other night I sat next to a racing motorist who holds many records. I had been warned that he was a very shy and retiring man, but that beneath his silence he was really remarkably intelligent and widely read. I did indeed find him difficult to talk to, until a chance remark of a woman opposite induced him to imitate the noise of a car going at a hundred miles an hour. After that he relapsed into silence again. The man on the other side of me, however, awoke my interest in him again by saying, "The lucky beggar has been offered a large cheque to write an article on Disarmament." When I turned to the motorist and asked what attitude he was going to take up, he said, "Oh, I don't have to have any attitude. I just sign it when it's done." "But aren't you going to write it?" I asked. "Oh, no," he said. "Motoring's my job." After dinner he imitated some more noises of motor-cars, and then went home, as he was in training, and had to be in bed early.

March 2nd.—Yesterday I found Joan in the middle of the Gold Fever. She has hunted up everything she can find with any gold in it, and was having all the articles made up into a parcel. Her idea is to sell all the "stuff," as she called it, and give a big party on the proceeds. She told me that if I had any sense I'd sell my mother's old brooches and bracelets, which were hideous anyhow. I said they might be hideous; it was a matter of opinion; but that they had a sentimental value for me. "You're hopeless," said Joan, and threw up her hands. "Can't you ever realize that you're living in the twentieth century?"

March 3rd.—The Gold Fever seems to get worse. To-day I met a woman who was going to sell her wedding ring. "They're unfashionable," she said, "and anyhow, if I must wear one, I'd much rather it was platinum."

March 4th.—There was a girl at Lady Hounsditch's to-day who attracted my attention. She had bristling red hair, cut like a Prussian's, no eyebrows at all, and a voice that Mr. Spence described as "The grating of a large knife across a gigantic plate." I was introduced to her, and she said she wished the war in the East was between civilized people, because it would be such fun to go and nurse the officers as a V.A.D. "One can't imagine oneself nursing yellow officers," she said. "Would it have to be officers?" I asked. "Well, obviously," she said. "That's a V.A.D.'s job." I asked her if she had had any experience of nursing, and she said of course not, but that it was the sort of thing that would come natural to a woman, she imagined.

March 9th.—We had a Treasure Hunt the other night. I found myself in a car with a group of people, none of whom seemed to know exactly what the whole thing was about. However, we drove about the place, and one of the men kept on jumping out and ringing the bells of houses. A policeman stopped him at one house, and was going to take his name, but he said it was

a treasure hunt, and so nothing happened, except that a woman who opened the door began to demand an apology from the man, and was told by the policeman (who seemed suddenly more friendly—I can't imagine why) to mind her own business. After that they put a cat in an open window in a quiet street, and wrenched the gate off an area, and stole a fur rug from a stationary car. They were all silly with drink by this time, so I was able to get out of the car and slip away. I must say, I didn't see much fun in it. I heard the next day that they had run the car into a lamp-post and wrecked it, and had all spent a night in the cells. Joan got away, and slept in a taxi-cab near Victoria Station.

March 12th.—I have decided to see if I can get my little volume of poems published soon. A man told me that a certain Garstang was a frequent visitor at Joan's, and was the very man to do something about it. I had met the man once, and I said, "But he's a critic. I've got to get the poems published before they will interest him." "Not at all," said the man, "he is a reader for a firm that publishes a lot of poetry, and his advice is always taken. The head of the firm is his best friend, and writes for the same paper under another name. And his brother edits the paper. All you have to do is to go to a few parties where you can meet the whole group." "But," said I, "supposing that I just send the poems in in the usual way." "That," said the man, "is the usual way."

March 16th.—Lady Houndsditch came up to me the other day and said, "I hear you are a poet. It's simply too thrilling. I adore Browning. You must read some poetry at one of my parties." I said I was no good at reading aloud, and that I didn't suppose my poems were good enough. "Oh, you can read Wordsworth or something, as Alec does," she said. "Nobody ever listens, and even if they did, they wouldn't know it wasn't original—except Lady Dadders, who bribes my maid to tell her

what's going to be read, and then brings a crib, and heckles. We always tell everyone she's tight, so it goes off all right in the end. My butler has orders to shove an empty bottle of brandy under her seat. We've done that trick three times. Of course I don't mind her bribing my maid, as I pay her such putrid wages, and it all tots up—that and the money she gets out of old Pletheroe for slipping his chauffeur a bottle of whisky while he waits." I have written this speech of hers out in full, as near as I can remember, because it was a new experience. Whatever kind of a person can she be?

Socialism and the Oil Ring

By Captain Bernard Acworth

IN the October number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, under the title of "Wrong Way and Right Way Traffic," I examined very briefly some of the major causes of the transport chaos that is now widely recognized as an emergency. Since that article appeared, the Boards of the great railway companies have laid before Mr. Pybus a memorandum challenging the strange inequalities under which the railways languish into bankruptcy while road transport flourishes. However belated the action of the railways may be, and belated it certainly is, the large measure of public sympathy that has been extended to the semi-bankrupt railways is a wholesome sign of the growing reaction against the wholesale subsidization of private enterprise in these post-war Socialist years. The Motor and Oil Interests, very resentful of this belated attack on their privileged and now entrenched position, have unwisely argued that motor transport is not a subsidized enterprise, but, rather, a victim of vindictive taxation which should immediately be lightened.

In such a quarrel between interested parties it is well, therefore, to elicit the facts.

Between 1910 and 1929 the money expended by local authorities on the roads was £644,998,562. The petrol tax realized over the same period was £30,883,423. Complete vehicle tax figures for this period are not available, but for the five years ending in 1929 full figures have been very kindly obtained for me by Neon, and are as follows :—

For five years, 1924–1929.—Ratepayers' money expended on roads, £280,266,440; grants in aid of rates from Road Fund, £83,641,316; deficit, £196,625,124.

During these five years, petrol tax for all purposes brought in £12,939,364; tax on vehicles of all sorts brought in £111,545,315; leaving a deficit of £145,771,761

on road taxation. During these five years the £111,545,315 from vehicles was raised as follows: Private cars, cycles, and invalid vehicles, £58,793,986; taxicabs and motor hackneys, £13,710,631; horse-carriages and hackneys, £503,482; trams, £52,781; a total of £73,060,880, leaving £38,484,435 as the total contribution of heavy industrial vehicles over a period of five years. Turning to 1931 and 1932, it is claimed with truth that motor vehicles are paying in vehicle and fuel tax a sum nearly equivalent to the outlay on the roads. In round figures, the cost of the roads in each of these two years was £60,000,000, and the vehicle and petrol taxes amounted to £27,000,000 and £31,000,000, a total of £58,000,000. Of this £27,000,000, £9,000,000 only was paid by approximately 380,000 heavy vehicles, leaving £18,000,000 to be paid by relatively light private vehicles and motor bicycles, which latter paid in 1930 no less than £1,689,565 in licences as compared to £92,289 by heavy haulage tractors. Thus, heavy motor traction, which not only has robbed the railways of the cream of their goods traffic, but which is responsible for the speedy wrecking of the roads, has been heavily subsidized by light vehicles, as well as by the ratepayers. Of the £31,000,000 now collected from petrol tax, it must be remembered that motor vehicles, though admittedly the largest, are not the sole users of petrol, and thus payers of the tax. Aircraft, as well as stationary plant and motor-boats, burn large quantities of petrol. So do the heavy motor vehicles in which the railways have unwisely invested money. But of the total of £59,000,000 now raised by taxation, only a fraction goes to the relief of ratepayers for road maintenance, the bulk of it being utilized in meeting other national extravagances, and very notably in bolstering up other Socialist enterprises such as "Commercial" flying, Imperial Airways, "sporting" aviation, and so forth. It thus transpires that the roads, valued by Sir H. Maybury at £2,000,000,000, are a staggering liability with which we have unhappily

saddled ourselves, and must thus be reckoned a major cause of our economic collapse. The vehicles now using the roads have cost some thousands of millions, while imagination boggles at the expenditure on motor transport over the past 14 years. If motor taxation is now devoted to the roads, heavy additional taxation will be needed to pay the flying and other subsidies, and the dole.

But there are other aspects of motor transport which react unfairly on the railways. Motor vehicles are free to accept, or to reject, any freight. The inadequate regulations that nominally govern speed, loading, and hours of work are not, because they cannot be, enforced. They use the public streets and pavements as stations for picking up and setting down passengers and freight. They are relieved of the cost of enclosing their track, and of signalling it. They can run services and discontinue them at will. Indeed, a short article affords insufficient space for the mere enumeration of the anomalies in motor transport operation. It may not unfairly be likened to a rich prostitute or ultra modern and "progressive" woman, whose favours, and "Rights," are legion and whose duties and obligations are nil. There is one aspect of motor traction, however, which has not, so far as I am aware, been mentioned elsewhere. When the curtailed winter service sets in, thousands of employees gravitate automatically, and without question, on to the dole, upon which they hibernate in comparative comfort until spring releases them, like hornets, into the full flood of hooting and grinding traffic. Thus the dole is, in effect, yet another subsidy to the Oil Industry which escapes responsibility for its necessarily and widely fluctuating seasonal personnel.

But what of the railways which pay in tens of millions where their rivals have received in hundreds of millions? The railways are themselves the heaviest ratepayers in the country, and for their tracks, sidings and stations, all built and maintained at their own charges, they have paid in the past 10 years £72,268,092.

Furthermore, and even more remarkable as a fact, they have no voice, as ratepayers, in the expenditure of these rates to which they are the heaviest contributors. On the maintenance of their tracks they expended £14,568,253 last year, and £7,154,021 for signalling. They maintain and strengthen the bridges which motor vehicles use and damage. As "Common Carriers" they are bound to accept all forms of freight, and they must retain in operation unremunerative passenger services. Out of their rates they support, in addition to the roads, education, lunatic asylums, and drainage. They contribute, in short, to public services from which they obtain no benefit. Here are some, though by no means all, of the injustices that exist between the all-British railways and motor transport which employs a foreign fuel.

And now to turn to proposed remedies. We hear, just now, a great deal about the need for "co-ordination" between road and rail, and all too little about old-fashioned competition. Surely, to co-ordinate road and rail, unless both are placed upon an exactly equal footing, is not unlike co-ordinating the activities of a wolf and a lamb. Is not the time overdue for removing, not some, but all of these extraordinary anomalies, and of leaving the two systems to adjust their services on the sound basis of unchanging economics? Surely, the free play of supply and demand, stripped of all public subsidy in any form, is a surer judge of what is needful in road transport than the arbitrary opinions of Mr. Pybus and his Big Five, Enormous Four, or whatever the selected number of highly-paid Super Men may be? We hear to-day, to the point of exasperation, the expressions "all thoughtful men are agreed," and "the Public insists." But who are these "thoughtful men" and this mythical Public, and where do they hold their conclaves? The Public is no more than a mass of individuals, and an individual is entitled to insist upon no convenience for which he does not pay the full charge, whether for

business or pleasure. We all know the dog depicted as looking hungrily up at tiers of Spratt's biscuits and how, in the advertisement, or propaganda, we are assured that the dog insists upon Spratt's. And yet we know very well that it is not the dog, but Mr. Spratt, who insists. As with the biscuits, so with the oil-devouring enterprises of motor traction and flying which, between them, have killed some 47,000 folk in the past ten years and injured little short of 2,000,000—a casualty list comparing favourably, or unfavourably, with the casualty list of the Napoleonic wars. If that mythical Public does not quickly relearn the distinction between the " insistence " of Spratt and the dog, our ruin is certain, and starvation may yet stalk the land.

Lack of space prevents me from more than alluding to the havoc wrought to the Agricultural Industry by the Socialist road policy of the past twenty years. Suffice it to say that the use of horse traction, still for short hauls incomparably the most economic form of transport, has been crushed out of its full development by subsidized motor traction. Like the railways, agriculture has been compelled to support motor traction through the rates, which have been expended in making the roads unfit for the use of horses. Every 300,000 horses displaced has put out of production £12,000,000 of fuel-fodder, all of which could be produced in this country. The horse-breeding industry has similarly suffered.

The case of aerial transport, though mercifully, and of necessity, on a smaller scale, provides an equally striking example of Socialist squandermania. The Oil and Aircraft Industries, like our old friend Spratt, allege, *ad nauseam*, that the Public is now " airminded " and demands flying facilities for freight and passengers to Karachi, Australia and the Cape, and probably to Timbuctoo. Imperial Airways, a company with private shareholders and highly-paid officials, is in reality built on subsidy and little else. Machines, landing grounds, aerodromes, inspectorates, meteorology, and so forth

are supported out of the public purse; but disregarding these indisputable subventions, surely £3,095 in hard cash is a considerable sum to pay into the coffers of this trading concern out of the Public till for the conveyance of a single ton of flesh or freight from London to Karachi? The 69 passengers landed at Karachi in 1931–32 are a measure of the demand for Empire Air Travel.

"Airminded" folk, from the nature of things, must belong to the "heavier than air" or "lighter than air" schools. There can be no other school. Thus their minds can never be in equilibrium, as "airminded," or "lightheaded," finance seems abundantly to prove.

But the subsidization of the Oil Trade through the roads and aviation is only a part of the unsavoury story. At sea, partly as a result of the propaganda of "Progress," partly as a result of Socialist strikes and the raising of the price of coal by Socialist legislation, and partly as a result of disguised subsidy in the guise of the Trades Facilities Act, approximately 9,000,000 tons of British shipping has changed over from our native fuel to foreign oil. Some idea of the effect of this disastrous policy can be obtained from the "Mauretania," which, for fifteen years, sailed with perfect satisfaction on British coal. By changing to oil in 1921, this single ship of 30,600 tons, transferred 1,200 men permanently from productive employment to the dole at an annual charge to the taxpayers of £93,600. At the same time the Cunard Company contributed substantially to our adverse trade balance. Careful calculation of the effects of the oil-fuel policy of the Mercantile Marine points to the unemployment of 60,000 miners directly, and thus, indirectly, of another 180,000 workmen, approximately a quarter of a million in all. The resultant dole bill has been about £14,000,000 annually, and thus another subsidy to the Oil Trade. Of the effect on our trade balance the less said the better, but here alone is a partial explanation of the unsatisfactory sterling-dollar exchange. Many thousands of ships now leave their native shore in ballast

in the absence of those coal cargoes with which we were wont, in saner days, largely to finance our now threatened food supply.

And what of the sole insurance policy of the motive power of this vast foreign transport system—The Royal Navy? The Navy itself, *mirabile dictu*, depends for the movement of the propellers of every unit of the fleet upon that very oil which it is now its most urgent duty to safeguard if, as is not certain, the oil is allowed to reach those 8,650,141 tons of oil tankers, the bulk of which are financially in the hands of America and of the International Oil Ring?

Of land furnaces there is not space to speak beyond recording that very recently our banks, cathedrals, laundries, power stations, and factories have begun to scrap their coal firing, in favour of oil-fired furnaces. Cannot Canterbury Cathedral and Westminster Abbey at least warm their congregations from native sources while praying fervently for the unemployed?

This monstrous oil bubble owes its inflation to propaganda and the parrot-cries of "progress," with Socialist finance to back them both, for who will dispute that the use of public funds for private enterprise and pleasure is Socialism in its most dangerous form. The recent General Election, resulting in the National Government, was said to have nailed down the coffin of Socialism. May we not reasonably ask the Conservative and Liberal members of this Government to carry out the interment of the coffin and the corpse by pricking the Oil Bubble? Any Minister who refuses to insert a pin must stand self-confessed as a little international Socialist masquerading in the garments of the Conservative and Liberal giants of a more just, honest, robust and self-reliant age.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

Literary Notes	*By Herbert Agar*
Books Recommended :	
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Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

Nihilism at the London School of Economics

IN a recent article in *Time and Tide*, Mr. Harold Laski remarks: "If I divide, for instance, my academic colleagues into classes above and below the age of thirty, the great difference between them lies in the sense of responsibility. The younger men are quick, vivid, well-informed. But their whole attitude is one of sceptical, not to say cynical, detachment from events. . . . Most of them are more or less certain that the world is rapidly taking the primrose path to hell; none of them seems to think that he has any obligations to try and do anything about it. They read widely, they talk endlessly and, invariably, they talk well. But they think that their function is done when they keep themselves informed." Mr. Laski says he can find "no adequate explanation" for such a state of affairs. This is perhaps natural, since the explanation is what Mr. Laski himself stands for—as may be seen by reading his recent book, "Studies in Law and Politics." (Allen and Unwin.)

The Decay of Liberalism

WRITTEN from a scholar's knowledge, and with care and clarity, these essays are an appreciation of liberal thought from the *Encyclopédistes* to Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States. Incidentally, they show why such thought must end in the *blasé* talkative youths of the London School of Economics. In describing the *Encyclopédie* (the Old Testament of advanced Liberalism), Mr. Laski rightly says it is based upon the following assumptions: "The reality of progress, the self-sufficiency of the world about us, the inexpugnable claims of scientific method . . . the necessity of tolerance . . . the impossibility of accepting religious dogma as the measure of truth." "These assumptions," adds Mr. Laski, "are for the most part, commonplaces to ourselves." If by "ourselves" he means his colleagues, the explanation of their state of mind is obvious. Men who assume the reality of progress and the self-sufficiency of the world about us may well acquire a "sceptical, not to say cynical," attitude as they survey the life of 1932. Men who accept the inexpugnable claims of scientific method may be expected to lose their sense of responsibility, since one of the liveliest and most popular efforts of science is to make the concept of free will unnecessary. And men who are convinced of the necessity for tolerance may be forgiven for talking endlessly, since a more active part in a world that "is rapidly taking the primrose path to hell" demands intolerance and a conviction of right.

Homeopathic Treatment

MR. LASKI may wonder why this lethargy has not afflicted the men over thirty. The answer is that the men over thirty spent their childhoods in a world where belief in responsibility, and in religion, and in the *in*sufficiency of the world about us, still made the moral atmosphere. Their characters, once formed, could never be completely vitiated. But what will happen to the younger men, if Mr. Laski has his way with them, passes

understanding. His remedy for their disease of liberal thought it more of the same thing—not a hair of the dog that bit them, but a whole hind leg. He cheers their cynicism by telling them we have made a great step forward with universal suffrage; he refreshes their sense of responsibility by unfurling the damp, torn flag of science; and when they still linger over their talk, letting the world rip, he reminds them how fine it is that a man may climb upon a ladder in Hyde Park and say almost anything at all.

Meekness Gone Mad

THERE is food for thought in "The Religion of Scientists, being recent opinions expressed by two hundred Fellows of the Royal Society on the subject of Religion and Theology." (Benn.) The pamphlet is edited by Mr. C. L. Drawbridge, on behalf of the Christian Evidence Society. The editor's gratitude for crumbs from the board of science might be called politeness; but there is no word except servility for his eagerness to show that "the best *modern* books of theology" have profited by natural science. "Surely," he writes, "ideas about God could not possibly have failed to be greatly enlarged by the invention of telescopes and by the use made of them by men of science." Has the Christian Evidence Society forgotten the Gospel according to St. John, and *The Imitation of Christ*? If so, I assure them that there at least they will find ideas about God which could easily "have failed to be greatly enlarged by the invention of telescopes."

Great Minds at Rest

"THE Religion of Scientists" has its lighter moments. For example: "In answer to our question, 'Do you consider that man is in some measure responsible for his acts of choice?' a Director of Research replies: 'Do not see what this means.'" And the following is reprinted from Sir Arthur Eddington's broadcast address on "Science and Religion": "If it were necessary I would at this point turn aside to defend

the scientist for pursuing the development of a highly specialized solution of one side of the problem of experience and ignoring the rest; but I will content myself with reminding you that it is through his efforts in this direction that my voice is now being heard by you."

Confession from Leningrad

THE most depressing feature of "The Religion of Scientists" is the quotation from Professor Pavlov, whose experiments on the saliva of dogs have done so much to enlarge modern thought: "My answers do not mean at all that my attitude toward religion is a negative one. Just the opposite. In my incredulity, I do not see my advantage, but a failure comparatively to believers. I am deeply convinced that the religious sense and disposition are a vital necessity of human existence, at least for the majority." The world to-day is full of people who believe that the religious sense and disposition are a necessity, at least for the majority, but the whole tendency of whose lives and work is to eradicate this disposition—a fact which is solid ground for pessimism.

The Riddle of the United States

MR. JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS' "The Epic of America" (Routledge) is a fine attempt at interpreting, in one volume, the story of that bizarre and troubled country. The title sounds a little cheap, because "epic," in the post-Hollywood world, means a costume-piece in which thousands of people seethe about—or else any story with incest in it. But Mr. Adams' subject has some claim to the word in its older sense.

Appreciation of "The Fountain"

ONE result of the present state of literary criticism (discussed below in a review of Mr. Swinnerton's book) is the difficulty of dealing fairly with a work of unusual merit which is nevertheless not the greatest book since the building of the Pyramids. Adjectives of praise have been so cheapened that an honest criticism

seems ungracious. An example is the treatment of "The Fountain," by Mr. Charles Morgan (Macmillan)—a book with a fine seriousness and much incidental loveliness, but with an organic fault that keeps it from being a great novel. The hero, Lewis Alison, might have been either a man whose charm would force us to share his emotional experiences, or else a philosopher doing some valuable thinking for us. Mr. Morgan tries to make him both and fails to make him either. In his capacity as thinker Lewis fails—for he is not capable of contributing anything profound to the abstract problems that vex him; nor is he a philosophical critic of the modern world, pondering the difficulties that world presents to sensitive people like himself. Since, therefore, Lewis's thoughts are not intrinsically valuable, they should have been used only to individualize him for purposes of the love-story—that is, they should have been implicit in his character rather than explicit, at some length, in the story. The consequence of making them explicit is that Lewis never seems the likeable person he is meant to be. He is treated with a reverence he does not inspire; and our attempts to identify ourselves with him are constantly thwarted by the almost Biblical turn of phrase with which his lightest actions are described. Thus he seems to the reader pretentious; and the love-story fails to reach poetic heights, though it is often illuminated with flashes of incidental poetry.

Wild Enthusiasm

SPEAKING of exaggerated praise, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge must have felt uplifted when a critic in the *Sunday Referee* greeted "Autumnal Face" as follows: "I must claim this book to be the most impressive performance by a young English novelist since 'Hatter's Castle.'" That is success: to be the most impressive young English novelist since a middle-aged Scotsman.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS.

EARLY LIVES OF MILTON. HELEN DARBISHIRE. (Constable. 16s.)
THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Vol. III. Ed. G. E. BUCKLE. (Murray. 25s.)
WOODROW WILSON : LIFE AND LETTERS. Vols. III and IV. R. S. BAKER. (Heinemann. 12s. 6d. each.)
SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, O.M. GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)
SWINBURNE : A LITERARY BIOGRAPHY. GEORGES LAFOURCADE. (Bell. 15s.)
LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD TO ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. Ed. by HOWARD F. LOWRY. (Milford. 7s. 6d.)
BERNARD SHAW : PLAYBOY AND PROPHET. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. (Appleton. 30s.)
THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL JOFFRE. 2 vols. (Bles. 36s.)
MEN AND MEMORIES. Vol. II. RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. (Faber & Faber. 21s.)
THE LETTERS OF DAVID HUME. Ed. by J. Y. T. GRIEG. (Oxford Press. 50s.)

HISTORY.

A HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. LEON TROTSKY. Trans. by MAX EASTMAN. (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.)
RED RUSSIA. THEODORE SEIBERT. (Allen & Unwin. 15s.)
THE MAKING OF EUROPE. CHRISTOPHER DAWSON. (Sheed & Ward. 15s.)

CRITICISM.

CHAUCER. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.)
BURNS. By ROY CAMPBELL. (Faber & Faber. 3s. 6d.)
THE BALLAD OF TRADITION. G. H. GEROULD. (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.)
BROADCAST MINDS. RONALD KNOX. (Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d.)

FICTION.

LOVE IN THE UNITED STATES. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. (Benn. 9d.)
THANK HEAVEN FASTING. E. M. DELAFIELD. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)
MALADETTA. J. B. MORTON. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)
SOME OTHER GRAIN. JAMES VEITCH. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

THRILLERS.

BEFORE THE FACT. "FRANCIS ILES." (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)
THE FRIGHTENED LADY. EDGAR WALLACE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)
DEATH ANSWERS THE BELL. VALENTINE WILLIAMS. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

War and Peace

By B. H. Liddell Hart

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)
THE DRAGON'S TEETH: A STUDY OF WAR AND PEACE. By MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER. (Constable. 10s.)
LUDENDORFF: THE TRAGEDY OF A SPECIALIST. By KARL TSCUPPIK. Translated by W. H. JOHNSTON. (Allen and Unwin. 16s.)
THE WAR ON THE ITALIAN FRONT. By LUIGI VILLARI. With a foreword by SIR RENNELL RODD. (Cobden-Sanderson. 18s.)

AT the present time we have moved far from the standpoint of the nineteenth-century Teutonic philosophy which proclaimed not merely the inevitability but the necessity of war, and lauded not merely its benefactions, but its beauty. To a vast section of the public, especially in the Anglo-Saxon countries, war is an undiluted abomination, a thing so wholly evil that any recognition of other aspects seems a proof of mental deformity. Some would even try to exorcise the evil spirit by a taboo on the mention of war's existence as an historical fact. History is to be adulterated in the interests of the pacific ideal, and the pure minds of children are not to be soiled by contact with the reality of pugnacity in the classroom—whatever they may do in the playground.

Still more significant is the attitude of that other large section which doubts, perhaps, more by instinct than by reason, the possibility of peace—now and for evermore. Their reaction rarely goes further than negation. Wars have always been, so wars will continue to be. But even this class would, as a whole, be somewhat shocked if any philosophic thinker to-day openly advocated recourse to war as a purifying and improving agency—in fact, prescribed it as a tonic.

If this change of attitude arises partly from a change of fashion in the habit of so-called thought, and also has, on the surface, a strong smell of hypocrisy, it seems symptomatic, nevertheless, of deeper causes. And these causes may prove a more sustained check upon war than

any wave of sentiment. The sentimental objection to war never has stopped wars, and, by its very nature, is not likely to be a lasting check. Itself the reaction of a war-weary people from the strain and misery of war, it sets up a reaction, a gathering revulsion against the weariness of peace and the miserable pettiness of a mere self-securing existence. Moreover, as it derives its force from a mass-feeling, it is essentially unstable and can be easily tilted towards the other extreme.

But peace to-day does seem to have found a firmer basis in two other developments. One is the growth of a sense and spirit of brotherhood that has already erased the old sharpness of clan and party divisions, and is even beginning to cross the national border. We should not exaggerate it, but we should not underrate it. For a long time civilized man has been losing his old capacity to hate those who differ from him. And I believe it springs from a new sense of proportion, not merely from a decadent toleration. Even the intensity of a perjured propaganda without equal did not succeed during 1914–1918 in re-creating the capacity for hatred that man formerly possessed.

The other development is the growing question whether war can pay, either politico-economically or spiritually, under modern conditions. An observer at Geneva this past month, even if he made full allowance for the insincerity of eloquence, could not help being impressed by the unanimity with which the national spokesmen emphasized the folly and common danger of war in view of the economic interdependence of modern civilization. On this point their utterances seemed to have a ring of real conviction.

The argument is, of course, a familiar plank in all pacifist platforms. And it can be pressed too far—with danger to those who rest on it. Strong as the recent experience in support of it, I still have a doubt whether war could not be made to pay—by a new Bismarck who had both the power and the calculating intelligence to

control, it and to stop it at the point where extra expenditure promised no adequate return. All that we can safely deduce from experience is that a long war does not pay, a truth that was enunciated by that great master, Sun, as long ago as the fifth century B.C. Even though the quick success of the 1866 and 1870 wars may have bred an ominous spirit in the German people, it is difficult to ignore either their practical benefits or the possibility that these might have endured if Germany had also bred more Bismarcks.

But while it is unwise to dismiss the possibility of a profitable war, it is a fair deduction that world conditions have diminished its prospects and increased its difficulties. The first cause is the economic inter-relation of States. A second is modern " democratic " government—for the creatures of the crowd are hampered in control and in calculation. And even if this handicap was overcome—as it might be in a State where autocracy has been revived—it is very doubtful whether the calculating war-maker would be able to control the instrument of his policy. The progress of weapons has outstripped the progress of the mind—especially in the class who wield weapons. Each successive war of modern times has revealed the increasing lag due to the slow pace of mental adaptation.

Here, indeed, is what I regard as one of the most powerful arguments against war—the probability, almost the certainty, that whatever virtues may be momentarily evoked will eventually be forfeited in futility and fatuity. The cleansing value that may be ascribed to war is lost when heroism is simply poured down the waste-pipe.

To this conclusion lead three of the books before me. Indeed, it is almost the only one on which the points of view of Dr. Wingfield-Stratford and General Fuller visibly converge, although both traverse so much of the same ground. No review, however long, could give a fair idea of its extent and their exploration. General Fuller ranges at high speed over the whole of history,

with repeated darts into psychology, sociology, theology, and biology. He travels so fast and turns so quickly that it is sometimes difficult to be sure of the course of his thought or the source of his deductions. But he leaves behind him a trail of sparks that are always scintillating and often illuminating. Some of them may be extinguished by the impact of fuller knowledge, but others promise to have an enduring glow. It is a book that needs to be read more than once—and can be with enjoyment, so stimulating is it alike in writing and in thought.

Dr. Wingfield-Stratford pursues a more consecutive and thorough progress through biology, anthropology, pre-history, and all history to the conclusion that, because of the increasing energy at man's disposal and the increasing complexity of his social organism, the unleashing of another war may well cause the collapse of our civilization. In that case, man will simply go the same way as the countless other species which have failed to adapt themselves in time to their environment.

In nations, as in Nature, " abnormal size is a disease." Empires that grow too large die out, as did the great lizards of the mesozoic age. Especially has this been true of the Empires that have grown by conquest—and have been unable to stop conquering. " The coffin-houses continue to be run up, story by story, until the crash comes." The only scientifically regulated case of expansion was the Inca Empire. For the chronic defect of empire-builders in history has been their ignorance of " social mechanics." They should learn from architects and engineers the necessity of calculating strains and stresses. Dr. Wingfield-Stratford's theory of social architecture is one of the most suggestive things I have ever read.

But the most provocative part of his book is certainly its post-mortem on military history. As a dissection of the military mind, and an exposure of its failure to grow up, it has had no equal.

"If ever militarism had a chance of showing what it could do, when given full play under the most favourable circumstances, it was at Sparta. What it did was to stifle art, stultify intelligence, and turn a city that had promised to be in the forefront of civilization into a breeding-place for boors." The Spartans even stultified their own art of war—"nowhere did they display any military talent higher than that of a drill sergeant." As for the Romans, they were beaten, not by Hannibal's genius, which is a myth, but by their own stupidity. When they learnt common sense, they gained victory, but soon forgot its lesson.

So we are led on until we reach Napoleon, whose childishness of mind was the source of his downfall. "His strategy was a series of gambles"—not even coolly calculated. And he showed an utter inability to profit by his proved shortcomings. He could not even think out an answer to the British line formation. "He was content to come on in the old way—and was beaten in the old way."

Only small resources, and small armies, have produced big leaders. Marlborough's technique was far superior to Napoleon's, and even he degenerated into a Malplaquet.

In the nineteenth century the art of war sank still lower—owing to the influence of Clausewitz, "a full-blooded Darwinian." The recipe for success became to drill the masses, and the application of science to war lagged far behind its civil development—perhaps this has been the salvation of civilization.

What shafts, as deadly as they are witty, the author launches at the Duke of Cambridge's reviews, the Kaiser's manœuvres, the preposterous platitudes of Field Service Regulations, the sheer insanity of the French doctrine! To what result did the increasing professionalization of armies lead? In 1914 "the efforts of the French command to present the Germans with an otherwise impossible victory were foiled by the equal, or superior,

ineptitude of Moltke himself." But both were soon surpassed.

> With the invincible obstinacy of the child who seeks the bag of gold at the foot of the rainbow, the brass hats clung to their idea of a "break-through." . . . It says a great deal for the power of military discipline that as . . . one year followed another, the uniformed multitudes allowed themselves to be driven to the shambles.

These words have found an echo in the official history of the Somme. How can we explain the facts? Because of this paradox :—

> That however obviously intelligence may be a factor of military success, the effect of a lifetime of soldiering is to retard the development of those very faculties most essential in the highest command.

The force, if not the consistency and comprehensiveness, of Dr. Wingfield-Stratford's indictment is matched in General Fuller's book. The two coincide in their remorseless exposure of the military mind, although their angles of approach are different.

If anyone desires a biographical justification of their indictment, he may find it worth while to read Karl Tscuppik's book on Ludendorff. Its force would be still greater if the author was better versed in the military history of the war, for superficial knowledge is a handicap in attempting such a biographical subject. And in analysing the influence of Ludendorff on military operations Tscuppik is almost as naïve as the average staff college lecturer. But he is more at home in the sphere where strategy and policy merge, and also as a student of character, with the result that his portrayal of Ludendorff as a specialist in the chains of his own narrow specialization is as convincing as it is vivid.

Luigi Villari's book is an overdue account in English of the war on the Italian front. It is a comprehensive yet lucid story which certainly ought to be in every public library and on every student's bookshelves, for it is a just corrective of many delusions current in this country.

How many Englishmen realize the strategic difficulties that Italy faced and the losses she incurred in an indomitable, if unwise, attempt to overcome them? How many realize that after Caporetto the allied troops did not enter the battle line until the invaders' progress had been stopped by the rally of the Italian troops themselves? There is a present danger in picturing the Italian army and nation in terms of Caporetto.

In its relation to the other books here reviewed, Villari's discreet account of the way the Italian army was spent serves as further confirmation of the indictment against the military mentality. "The Eleventh Battle of the Isonzo"—what a condemnation in a title! Yet when we reflect not only on the recovery from Caporetto, but on the revival after the war, we are compelled to ask if the most senseless sacrifice is all in vain, and whether, even when heroism is poured down the waste-pipe, it does not leave its mark?

If Wingfield-Stratford's reasoning in support of peace appeals best to the reason, there are forces that work beyond the limits of reason. And his reason seems to stop short when he terms war "a disease of civilization." It is more true, I think, that war is the product of a diseased state of civilization. Attend to the disease and the fever will take care of itself. As Fuller points out in a brilliantly discerning epigram—"It is not war which will destroy Western civilization, but its unfitness to wage peace." Even destruction is better than slow decay, for it at least clears the ground for fresh construction. But better still would it be to put the house in order so that reason and right may abide there. Where Wingfield-Stratford seeks the elimination of war by an ever-widening sweep of love applied by reason, Fuller seeks the elimination of the dirt that harbours the war-germs—perpetually active. For all their difference of outlook and of process, they arrive on the same doorstep.

The Changing Past*

By Hugh Kingsmill

OUR image of the past is always changing, to accommodate itself to our feelings about the present. Those of us who were at school in the first decade of this century received a number of impressions about the history of our country which have been much knocked about since, and are, by now, almost obliterated. We believed that the virtue of chastity was practised for the first time in the history of mankind by our rude forbears in the forests of Germany, that it was imported into our country by the Anglo-Saxons, and was thereafter unknown on the Continent. We believed that a number of sad but resolute noblemen grouped themselves round King John on the island of Runnymede, and compelled him to sign a document which ensured the personal freedom of all Englishmen till the end of time. We believed that the English always beat the French in the field of battle, and vacated their possessions in France from a considered preference for an insular to a cosmopolitan culture. Above all, we believed in the spacious times of great Elizabeth. This last impression was complex, but enheartening in all its details. In the middle of the picture was the Virgin Queen, renouncing love and motherhood for England's sake, surrounded by selfless statesmen, sending out her great sailors to deprive Spain of her ill-gotten riches, and casting an occasional glance of benevolent approval at a group of poets who were raising their voices in rapture over the exuberant youth and strength of their beloved country. While the Virgin Queen was in the middle of the picture, William Shakespeare was in the middle of the poets, bald, bland, impersonal, a little wistful perhaps,

* *Shakespeare versus Shallow.* Dr. Leslie Hotson. (Nonesuch Press. 12s. 6d.)

Ben Jonson and King James. Eric Linklater. (Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d.)

Shakespeare and the Supernatural. Cumberland Clark. (Williams and Norgate. 12s. 6d.)

at having to leave his wife and children in Stratford, but consoled by the prospect of a comfortable old age in the bosom of his family.

What is left of this picture now? Perhaps nothing except the still undisputed belief that Queen Elizabeth was never a mother. Her sailors have turned into pirates and slave-traders—

> "A blacker stain than blood's own dye
> Weighed down great Hawkins on the sea."

Her statesmen, at the moment, a ring of scoundrels consolidating the position bought with the loot of the monasteries. The once glorious death of Sir Philip Sidney has come under grave suspicion of being the equivalent of a modern newspaper stunt, designed, by the enemies of Mary Queen of Scots, to distract the attention of London from the murder of that too popular sovereign. And the choir of rapturous poets has disintegrated into a horde of needy wretches, scourged by the five great p.'s of those spacious times, pox, poverty, prison, the plague, and the Puritans.

Is this picture truer than the Victorian one? Undoubtedly, for the ease and security of the Victorian age have never been equalled in any other century of European history, and the picture the Victorians formed of past ages was proportionately falsified, to soothe their desire for mental and spiritual comfort. Tennyson called the author of *King Lear* and *Timon of Athens* "bland and mild"; and Matthew Arnold pictured the actor-manager who had to amuse the drunken sailors bawling down the road from Sacherson's bear-pit, as "powerfully upheld by the intelligent sympathy of the great English middle-class." Our present falsification of the past cannot be as extreme as in these two examples.

One curious Victorian illusion about the Elizabethan poets, still fairly prevalent, is that they were in full song at the time of the Spanish Armada. Spenser wrote at the height of Elizabeth's glory, but the dramatists, with the exception of Marlowe, produced their greatest work in

the miserable reign of her successor. Instead of being uplifted by the boundless hopes popularly associated with the defeat of the Spanish Armada, they were depressed, as far as they allowed public affairs to touch them, by a nerveless foreign policy, and by every kind of social and financial corruption at home. "In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason," laments Gloucester in *King Lear*, which was staged for the first time just after the failure of the Gunpowder Plot. A little later, in *Coriolanus*, the rage of the hero against the tribunes of the people reflects the disgust which Shakespeare, in his aristocratic mood, felt against the growing arrogance of the Puritan party. In his first plays there are many echoes of the exultation at the defeat of the Armada, but the great tragedies are a vision of such reality as is only seen, even by the profoundest minds, when all illusions have been shattered by private and public disasters.

That the Victorian view of Shakespeare still survives, Mr. Cumberland Clark demonstrates in his "Shakespeare and the Supernatural," a book full of interesting information about the superstitions and popular beliefs of the Elizabethans, the persecution of the Catholics, and the growth of Puritanism. To Mr. Clark, Shakespeare is a prudent citizen and churchgoer, who never nursed a rebellious thought either against life or society. "Elizabeth had in the poet one of her most humble, obedient, and loyal subjects." Shakespeare was "outwardly a conforming Protestant; inwardly a Christian philosopher unfettered by creed." The "happy, care-free demeanour" which Mr. Clark attributes to the poet did not suggest a mind occupied with deep philosophic problems. Yet there are the tragedies to prove that, in his unobtrusive way, Shakespeare could think about things to some purpose; and Mr. Clark concludes that Shakespeare "was at the last nearer the truth of all things than any priest, philosopher, or poet who has ever lived."

To pass abruptly from Mr. Clark to Mr. Linklater is as unnerving as to step out of a library into a front-line

bombardment. Mr. Linklater's translation of Tennyson's "bland and mild" and Mr. Clark's "happy, care-free demeanour" into modern prose runs: "Mild-seeming Shakespeare, in whose bald head volcanic fancy threw up its fertile continents, sucked for their procreant air the heat and cold of London's crowded streets"; and wishing to say of Ben Jonson that he was of normal temperament, with no handicaps of mental or physical disease, Mr. Linklater bursts forth: "You may hunt him from Hartshorne Lane to Whitehall, from Bartholomew Fair to Scotland, and your keenest hounds will get no scent of Œdipus, Ganymede, or the pale Spirochæte. His genius lacked the *haut goût* of perversion or disease."

But this ornamented style is, like the extravagances of the Elizabethans, full of vitality, not the mere decoration of a writer who has no matter to distract him from his manner. There are half-a-dozen brilliant portraits in this picture of Ben Jonson, his patron James, and that tumultuous disintegrating epoch which stretched between the death of Elizabeth and the rise of Cromwell, who was nearing middle-age when the so-called Elizabethan Ben Jonson died. Tragic as well as brilliant is Mr. Linklater's account of Raleigh's last gamble with his destiny, the death of his son in a fight with Spaniards, and the return of the old man to England and death on Tower Hill.

Dr. Leslie Hotson's "Shakespeare *versus* Shallow" is not only an important addition to our scanty knowledge of the facts of Shakespeare's life, but it is written with an ardour and humour which show that research work may be as stimulating as it is popularly supposed to be dreary and fit occupation only for blinking pedants. Dr. Hotson's gusto may be illustrated in a single sentence: "*For fear of death and mutilation of his limbs* is the phrase used in the Elizabethan records of petitions for sureties of the peace, and the alleged threats against Beare—that he should be sped and his flesh be chopped—obviously fit the terms to a nicety."

Dr. Hotson's discovery is that on November 29, 1596, a William Wayte craved sureties of the peace against William Shakespeare, Francis Langley, Dorothy Soer, and Anne Lee for fear of death.

One would like to picture Shakespeare, leading Langley, and a couple of buxom citizen's wives, in pursuit of Wayte along the Bankside, out of pure excess of Elizabethan joy of life. But " for fear of death " is only a legal formula, and Francis Langley had already craved the same sureties aginst William Wayte which Wayte late in November, 1596, craved against him.

But, failing this new picture of Shakespeare, we must be content with the final result of Dr. Hotson's researches. He has made out an excellent case for William Wayte and the man behind him, Justice Gardiner, being the originals of " Slender " and " Justice Shallow." Poor Wayte, the tool and dupe of Gardiner, is indeed the exact twin of " Slender " ; but Gardiner himself, a ruthless and vindictive usurer, a character whom Balzac would have delighted to paint in all the complications of his squalid career, seems a grim model for the harmless, garrulous " Shallow." Dr. Hotson recognizes this difficulty, and his explanation is ingenious, but not altogether convincing : " He (Shakespeare) saw that Gardiner throve on execration : the chorus of curses was a sincere acknowledgment of his successes as a cheat. To beknave him was to compliment him. But to stage the cunning justice as an imbecile fit only for inextinguishable laughter would flick him in the raw." If Shallow was drawn from a villain, what kind of an idiot served as the model for Iago ?

The Disease of Criticism

AUTHORS AND THE BOOK TRADE. FRANK SWINNERTON. (Gerald Howe. 5s.).

MR. SWINNERTON has every right to speak of the mysteries with which he deals in this book for he is a novelist, critic, publisher's reader, and has had practical experience of every phase of publishing. His opinions, whether they are accepted or not, are based upon experience, a fact which in itself is so rare that it gives this book a special value. He writes of the problems of authorship in so frank and sane a manner that it is possible he may persuade a few aspiring authors to abandon the efforts of vanity for some more honourable and useful work. He discusses the subject of why books are published, but fails to give an answer to the main question involved, namely, why 14,000 books were published last year, of which number about 100 were good and about 1,000 worth reading. Of the publishers' readers Mr. Swinnerton has much of real interest to say, for he is one of the shrewdest of them. He pays a handsome tribute to these unknown but happy "drudges," some of whom are, or should be, the real informing minds of any publishing house. Chapters on literary agents (whom he praises far too highly); advertising, in which he contends, quite wrongly, that advertisements do not sell books, and on booksellers, lead up to an outspoken criticism of reviewers and reviewing.

Mr. Swinnerton has no mercy on the amateur reviewers who have no qualifications, but only a desire to see their names in print. The literary world is full of them and their suppression is almost a public duty. Against these parasites Mr. Swinnerton sets the reviewers out of London, and declares with absolute truth that reviewing in the leading provincial journals is of an infinitely higher standard than that in the London Press. The provincial reviewers are free of the sickening snobberies, the dilettantism, the spites, jealousies and corruptions which now, more than ever before, debase so much of the criticism in the leading critical journals. Reviewers in the provincial Press would appear to have no friends or relations who have produced "masterpieces," whereas in some of the London journals no book is a "masterpiece" unless the author is a bosom friend of the reviewer's or thoroughly accepted by the coteries and cliques. And in London, as Mr. Swinnerton says, the author must be social and know the right people. "If he is not amenable to the

coterie and will not play its game he is doomed to condemnation —worse, to oblivion. No review whatever will appear in a journal with which the outraged coterie has a deciding voice."

Anyone with the least knowledge of the present state of literary criticism in some journals knows that what Mr. Swinnerton says is true. But Mr. J. B. Priestley declared the other day that he has no knowledge of these things! Yet the coterie system, the chief evil of the literary world, was never stronger than it is to-day. As Mr. Swinnerton says, " it controls the leading London critical journals. It is full of little jealousies, little favouritisms, little snobberies, and little retributions for past affronts. The old score and the new are alike punctually paid. It is for this reason that, outside a small public, most of the reviews printed by the critical Press have no influence." Mr. Swinnerton is wrong. These " inspired " and deliberately false reviews have a great deal of influence on readers outside all the coteries and cliques. How is the ordinary reader who knows little or nothing of the methods of the coteries and cliques to know that a column of fulsome praise about a third-rate novel is written by a friend of the author's, or the publisher's? The reviewer signs his name, which is familiar to the reader, and the reader accepts the praise of the book in good faith. What he may feel when he has read the book is another matter. But for the time being he is completely deceived.

What is the remedy for the disease? Mr. Swinnerton suggests that the reviewer's status should be raised; that reviewers should be paid enough to warrant their existence as a separate class. And that they should keep free of the coteries and the literary parties, and have little or no communication with publishers.

Mr. Swinnerton would have his reviewer trained so that he realized that his first duty is to *truth* about the work of living authors. He should have no axe to grind and it should be no part of his duty to *prove* anything. His concern should be with the work before him, and his qualifications for judging it should be taste and experience. All of which is admirable in idea, but impossible in practice while the literary world is dominated by intrigues and cabals. Under the conditions suggested by Mr. Swinnerton a spirit of goodwill would be manifest. There is at present no sign of it. There is, on the contrary, the most flagrant log-rolling; the meanest of petty jealousies leading to the suppression or distortion of reviews, and the concoction of utterly

false praise by the family system of reviewing, promptly and prominently, books by friends and even employers. While there may be little hope of any honest reform in the worst practices of dishonest criticism, it is worth while suggesting that certain critical journals should adopt the long-established system of "Punch," that no reviews of books by members of that family are given in its pages. One line is occasionally given, extending "a paternal blessing," but there is no column of praise of any book by A. P. Herbert, for example, declaring that it is a masterpiece and that the author is a genius.

If the adoption of this method is too drastic for some who manufacture critical opinion, it might be possible for them to send the books by their friends or employees to reviewers who do not know the authors with instructions to write the truth, as they see it, about them. These reviews, if written by critics with knowledge, could not fail to put a salutary check upon the production of "masterpieces." It is safe to say that if "Mr. Punch's" method, on the one hand, or its modification on the other, had been in operation during the last ten years little would have been heard of several "outstanding works of genius." Meanwhile, one can only hope for some concerted efforts to bring about a return to honesty and sanity in literary criticism, and congratulate a critic of Mr. Swinnerton's reputation for his courage in throwing a cleansing light upon some evil things.

FREDERICK HEATH.

Gold and German Silver

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By NORWOOD YOUNG. (Duckworth. 15s.)
THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By HENRY F. PRINGLE. (Cape. 18s.)

THE inadequacy of mere fact in history is nowhere more apparent than in the various lives of George Washington. The problem for a biographer of Washington is to make the reader feel Washington's character, wherein lay all his greatness. It will not do simply to state the facts which indicate strength of character, for this leaves the reader with the impression that Washington was something of a bore and a prig. Only a historian who is a true artist can recreate the unostentatious calm nobility of Washington, and no such historian has yet attempted the task. Mr. Norwood Young, like dozens of previous biographers, has failed to bring Washington to life; but his account of Washington's career (perhaps because it is written from the point of view of an Englishman) lays emphasis on facts that are usually overlooked, and has therefore the merit of freshness.

Mr. Young, for example, inquires realistically into Washington's motives for siding with the revolutionists. American historians are too apt to assume that this is the only course a great and good man could have taken—forgetting that the majority of the colonists appear to have been opposed to the break with England. . . . And Mr. Young also gives unusual attention to the slackness of the British army, navy, and government throughout the war. Firmness would have crushed the revolution in the first months; but firmness was impossible, since the minister responsible for the conduct of the war was the Lord George Sackville who had been court-martialled and dismissed from the army as "unfit to serve His Majesty in any military capacity whatsoever." He had since changed his name, but not his habits, and as Lord George Germain he was now bent on proving himself unfit to serve His Majesty in any civil capacity whatsoever. Under the supervision of Germain, the war was at first conducted by the brothers Howe—one an Admiral, the other a General. General Howe, in 1776, had Washington's whole army at his mercy; but he felt kindly toward the colonists and allowed Washington to withdraw. And Admiral Howe was even less useful. When loyal colonists asked his permission to fit out privateers against the rebels, he exclaimed: "Will you never have done oppressing these poor people?" A kindly man, doubtless; but he had missed his vocation.

In the light of such facts it is possible to understand how

England managed to lose the war. But only a knowledge of Washington's character can make clear how the colonists, who had accidentally won a somewhat accidental rebellion, were welded into a nation with a strong central government and were prevented from extending the revolution into a far-reaching social and economic uprising of debtor against creditor. The first man to make Washington's position in history clear, not only to the mind, but to the imagination, will have written one of the world's enduring books.

To turn from Washington to Roosevelt is to turn from the sublime to the meretricious. That Roosevelt should have been liked and admired by his acquaintances was natural, that he should have delighted the American people was natural, but that he should be regarded as a great man is silly. There is no surer way of seeing this than by studying his life immediately after that of a man of true greatness. There is no fundamental *quality* to Roosevelt's life or mind—merely charm and energy and hysterics and adolescent excitement. Mr. Pringle's biography makes this clear. The book is well documented and well thought, in spite of the irritating and cheapening tone of sarcasm in which it is written.

Mr. Dooley (a political satirist of the Spanish War era, who wrote in Irish dialect) commented on Roosevelt's first message to Congress as follows: "'Th' trusts,' says he, 'are heejoous monsthers built up be th' enlightened intherprise iv th' men that have done so much to advance progress in our beloved country,' he says. 'On wan hand I wud stamp thim undher fut; on th' other hand not so fast.'" It is ironic that Roosevelt should have persuaded his generation that strength and decision were his chief qualities. Fundamentally he was as unsure of himself as Kaiser William II.

HERBERT AGAR.

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Leap Before You Look	Alec Waugh

(Ernest Benn, Ltd. 9d. per volume.)

Benn's ninepenny novel series was launched with such enthusiasm, the idea of making "giants of literature" accessible to all was hailed as so revolutionary an experiment, that the first six of the issues have an importance to the literary critic, quite apart from their intrinsic merits. This importance lies chiefly in the assumption behind the experiment—the assumption that there is a wide, untapped public for good fiction which has hitherto been deterred from buying it, if not from reading it, by the prohibitive price of seven and sixpence.

In so far as this is a project for tempting the public which already reads such books into buying them, the venture is of more interest to publishers and booksellers than it is to critics. But an important issue is raised by the further assumption—implicit in much of the publicity—that people can be persuaded by mass production to read good books; that people in general yearn for the best and the highest and will respond to it as enthusiastically as they have responded to mechanical products when cheapness has made them accessible.

Gratefully as one welcomes an attempt to popularize the reading of "good" books, one fears that any such attempt must end in popularizing the books themselves. Comparatively few people have a natural taste for reading. Even fewer among these have the habit of disciplined thought, the clarity of feeling, to appreciate really good books. Most people read current fiction and light non-fiction, and overpraise everything absurdly in order to maintain to themselves the illusion that they are doing something worth while. Whereas, really, no book is "good" which does not require some effort from the reader, and no book is "worth while" unless it is somehow used as material for real thought.

To turn from the ideally good to a consideration of the ninepenny books is an adventure in anti-climax. These six novels are just as good as the ordinary novel at seven and six, and some would say better for being shorter. They are just as good as the

stories in reputable magazines, and others would say better for being longer. Certainly there is nothing in any of them which would discourage the most timorous seeker after culture.

Five of the books are primarily concerned with love. Miss Jameson deals with a theory often exploited in fiction, though usually by men—namely, that a woman will put up with anything from the man she loves and be glad of the chance. This theory is competently illustrated in "The Single Heart." Miss Royde-Smith's romance is so charmingly romantic that it languishes under the commonplace ending; nevertheless, "Incredible Tale" is the only one of the six which impresses me as having been deeply felt and written for the author's own satisfaction.

"The Broom Squires" tells a theatrical and sentimental story of gypsies and farmers in the Quantock Hills. It should appeal to every one who likes these qualities combined with country dialect; whereas Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' "Love is a Flame" will appeal to anyone who likes newspaper sensations. It is naïvely written, and the characters have as little body and colour as shadows seen behind lighted windows. Like all newspaper stories one seems to have heard it over and over again.

"Leap before you Look," by Alec Waugh, tells another story one seems to have heard before, but the details of the narrative lend it an air of great reality, and it might be pleasant reading for anyone who could manage to find the characters interesting.

"The Next Generation" is the only novel on the list which avows a serious purpose. Its thesis is that the young men and women of to-day are revolting against the nihilism and immorality of their elders, and the story shows three solemn young people doing it. Mr. Beresford does not go into the question of what the next generation will find to replace the spiritual vacuum so reprehensibly filled by the war generation. This is a pity, for his three representatives, considered as heralds of a new dawn, are singularly unimpressive. Doubtless they talk and think better than the average eighteen-year-old, but their ideas are not, by definition, calculated to stimulate the adult mind. Mr. Beresford will alienate many of his readers by having made the young reformers smug and priggish and self-complacent to such a degree that the more unregenerate among us are inclined to sympathize with the elders.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Goethe To-Day

THE LIFE AND WORK OF GOETHE. By J. G. ROBERTSON. (Routledge, 12s. 6d.)

THIS work, prepared for the Centenary of the death of the last of the Titans, is an amplification of the more concise book published by Professor Robertson seven years ago. The amplification consists mainly of critical studies of Goethe's literary work. These are magnificent: wise, balanced, sympathetic, yet independent. Professor Robertson has not been at such pains to re-create the actualities of the poet's life and environment. His aim has been rather to simplify it; for, as he says, Goethe's terrestrial sojourn was an epoch, packed with so much emotion and incident, both personal and general, that the only useful method in a short biography is to try and find the main themes. The author therefore shows us the fundamental character of the Poet as evidenced by the great events, decisions, and mistakes in his life, and sets them in a framework of historical environment by which we see the great European transitions from the aristocratic eighteenth century to the industrial and democratic nineteenth. We are shown, too, the effect of these changes on the life and character of this genius who was sensitive to every agony of the European metamorphosis in which he was playing so public a part. The treatment is justified by its success, for Professor Robertson has not been so sparse that we cannot see the passion of his life burning in these pages, the nobility of his long-disciplined scholarship in its service to the great master whom he has loved so faithfully. If we augment this book, in its fine balance and consideration of the whole, with the picturesque detail of the "Poetry and Truth," Lewes' "Life," and Mr. H. W. Nevinson's recent study (another labour of love, but from the point of view of the heroic man of action), we can see the whole drama of Goethe, his life and times, so far as it is possible for the individual imagination of an average mortal to rebuild the vanished centuries, and recall to flesh and blood one of the kings among men.

What a life we see! It began when the intellectual carnival of the Renaissance was still lingering in the highways of Europe, and when the Holy Roman Empire was still a political reality. It ended with the Prussia created by Frederick the Great, dominant in the north, and laying its cold, efficient hand over the southern principalities, crushing their poetry and their music,

while France and England were preparing for a contest to prove which of the two was best entitled to Napoleon's contemptuous stricture, " a nation of shopkeepers."

The general conception of Goethe's life was that it soared, triumphantly happy, to an old age of serene harvest-home. Schiller bitterly envied him, and unconsciously, by a sceptical admiration and by trying to force his own subjective, Kantean methods on Goethe's leonine genius, tried to bring disaster on him. Schiller almost succeeded, as we see from the abstractions of *Faust*, Part II. Goethe in his last days, however, reviewed his life with a sorrowful eye. " I have always been praised as a man especially favoured by fortune," he said to Eckermann, " nor will I complain and make reproaches about the course of my life. But at bottom it has been nothing but toil and trouble, and I may, indeed, say that in all my seventy-five years I have never enjoyed four weeks of real well-being."

Professor Robertson comes to the same conclusion. And he thinks that the chief cause of this sense of failure in the old giant was his terrible mistake in his choice of vocation. It is difficult indeed to understand why a man of this enormous vitality and genius, possessing independent means, should have wasted the most valuable years of his life as a sort of Civil Servant. He might have given himself wholly to scholarship and poetry, fostering his gifts by travel and association with the great spirits of Europe in the capital cities. Instead he tied himself to the provincial life of Weimar, with its petty conventionality and its pseudo-culture of uplift and insincere respectability. Worse still, he took on himself the administration, making himself a kind of Permanent Secretary, laden with all these useful duties which are so acceptable to a man of a good second-rate intelligence. But for a man of creative fire, a man whose imagination was never at rest, who saw men and women as human beings and not as figures on a card index, his choice was wasteful and disastrous. It almost succeeded in making him a dilettante, and had he not been a creature of such abundant force, passion and enthusiasm, it would have succeeded. But this attraction of the greatest towards administering the affairs of a people seems inevitable. Da Vinci worked thus for the duchy of Sforza and correspondingly wasted half his life. Dante would have done the same in Florence if he had not fortunately been expelled in time and so enabled to concentrate his genius on a unified life-work. All through this book Professor

Robertson harps on the tragedy of waste which kept Goethe in the amiable harness of an official career. And at the end, when summing up the conquests and failures of the poet's life, he concludes that: "It has flattered the German mind in the past that a poet—and one with noble blood in his veins—should have been lifted up into the spheres in which Goethe moved, have become the intimate of a reigning duke and his ministers of state; but we outsiders who are insensitive to the glamour of such patronage must be pardoned if we see it all from another angle. Was it not rather a tragedy that the mightiest poetic mind of his age should have been ground down in so obsequious an activity? And Goethe himself knew it and felt it." A melancholy reflection, especially for poets living in an age where freedom for study and creative work is less and less possible, since the vulgar god Demos calls everybody to do some "useful" work for the benefit of the mob!

RICHARD CHURCH.

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